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PAGE 106

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**THE PERFECT
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GENTLEMAN JACK RARE TENNESSEE WHISKEY
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Steve Peterson: This new bartender at Chicago's John Barleycorn is the kind of guy who performs for patients like a miser throwing host in the lots energy at nearby Wrigley Field. Name your mood and Peterson has a pitch for it. "There's where you need him and he gives you spirit when you don't. You might even call him the Perfect Gentleman Bartender."

In fact, as a result of a nationwide competition conducted by Gentleman Jack Rare Tennessee Whiskey, that's exactly what he is. In November 2009, within the pages of this magazine and at bars across the country, Gentleman Jack's used six bartenders to nominate the male or female bartender who best exemplifies the traits of friends, courtesy, hospitality and, of course, impeccable pouring and mixing skills.

More than 1,700 entries later, two nominees for the same bartender stood out. As described by entry winners Courtney Pitt and Jim Kline, Steve Peterson earned the honor thanks to his easygoing manner and craft abilities behind the headrest.

"Steve is the kind of bartender who will lend you ear if you've just broken up with your significant other," writes Pitt. "He'll also entertain you, and he knows the latest scores for all the games. He always has a smile and if things are slow, he'll let you taste his newest cocktail concoctions for free."

He's whatever bartender you want him to be, adds Kline. "Steve will mix it up with you that social conversation or pair him with your favorite drink. And if you're looking for a drink fresh, fast and low cost, he looks at bar hopping as a service—or philosophizing that few bartenders still practice."

For his part, Peterson maintains a few basic gentlemanly rules. "The patient. Smile. Treat customers as you'd want to be treated yourself." Being a perfect gentleman, he says, also means knowing who's the boss. "Customers are the boss. If they know what they want, you deliver. And when they don't know what they want, it's up to you to guide them."

Courtney Pitt sums up Steve's appeal: "He pours a perfect drink and is a perfect gentleman." By rolls

ing that physical glass, Courtney and Jim have won a party at John Barleycorn later this year for two hundred of their closest friends.

A hefty award, no doubt. But

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Pictured above: One of our essay winners, Jim Kline, with Steve Peterson, America's Perfect Gentleman Bartender, enjoying a Gentleman Jack cocktail at John Barleycorn, Wrigleyville.

Gentleman Jack
 Gentleman

Photo: Jim Kline

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On the Cover Edie Baskin photographed exclusively for *Esquire* by Clinton Taylor. Photo by Jennifer Silver

Of course the last 50 years

have been a blur.

That's the whole point.

The 50th Anniversary Corvette.



CHEVROLET CORVETTE

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Style

Driving gloves, how to wear seersucker, and get away with it, and a closetful of striped shirts (**The Guide**, page 57). Backstage at the Westminster Dog Show, Esquire shows off the latest warm-weather suits, which will keep you from panting through the dog days of summer (**Doggy Style**, page 110). Wing tips, monk straps, loafers, plain toe, cap toe, split toe—for every suit, there's a right pair of shoes. But which ones? Esquire sorts them out for you (**Close-Up: The Dress Shoe**, page 126).

With Michael Oher shown here in a scene from *The Blind Side*.
—MARK WILSON, STYLING: JEFFREY BROWN, HAIR AND MAKEUP: JEFFREY BROWN, CAPTION: JEFFREY BROWN

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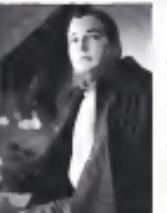
(CONTRIBUTORS)

For the past quarter century, photographer ROXANNE LOWITZ has shot iconic backstage photographs of the most prominent theatrical, actors, and events in the world. For the August 2003 issue of *Esquire*, Lowitz photographed a pair of young actors and their friends as they enjoyed the entertainment of a country house. In this month's fiction feature, "Doggy Style," which begins on page 118, the photojournalist looks on an even more remarkable world of glamour: the television dog show. "It really was like that in 'Prime,'" Lowitz says. "The inside panel is comprised: everybody was mad for their dogs, and it was really funny how they combed them, dressed them, curled their hair. Everybody was quite serious about it." Considering the old adage about owners and their pets, Lowitz has had quite a few of his own inserted into the show. "I think a dog's a dog's a dog," he says. "I've adopted him with a poofie, because pet owners always end up looking like me. But if the dogs there were photogenic, and they were all home. Well, there was one poodle that wouldn't play, but that one model was a little scared of dogs."



Last May, writer CURTIS FAUST REVISITED a topic he had addressed since he wrote Faust's satirical memoir *Bent* back in 1984: how to maintain the story remains this month with "How Is Man? Are You Man?" (page 92), marking the third time that Faust has informed readers about the complicated process of what it means to change over the years. Faust was a tender teen at 16 years old when he wrote the book on aging, and he recognizes now how changes he made to improve his health back then positively affected him as he approached his 60th. "The issues the story looks different from last year," Faust says. "As we have put more emphasis on how important it is to pay attention to your body in its prime years. When I say prime, I don't mean strength. I'm talking in terms of what you can do to set a course for your life that will provide some benefits. What you do from thirty to forty has a lot more impact on how you're going to be in your 60s than anything you think you're going to do after you turn forty."

IN PICTURE: writer CURTIS FAUST was working on the story of bent stockwell—a school principal who committed a sixteen-year-old friend with a rifle to save the children to his own—when the thought hit him: He was writing so relentlessly in the voice of Stockwell's wife that he might as well off simply interview her to tell the story herself. At the moment, Faust's intent for the to-tell-to-personal profile became clear: "The Stockwell story went over well, and at this point, I felt compelled to continue with the format," he says. "I've now written in the voices of Al Pacino, Jennifer Aniston, Michael Eisner, Ray Allen, and World Trade Center survivor Michael Wright. I've also started writing in other people's voices as I am in my own." Faust has interviewed the form and has authored more than twenty interviews for *Esquire's* regular *What I Learned* feature. "During the interviewing and writing of the interview, I actually became the person," he says. "It's kind of the acting, I guess." This month's issue chronicles the voice of one of America's most recognizable leaders, former New York mayor Rudy Giuliani. "What I Learned Special Event," begins on page 98.



"The main reason that I started this column is that we have access to so many great records that listeners could possibly never be hearing again but is really the only job of a critic," says one of the wacky critical philosophy of *Esquire's* new music columnist, ANDY LANGER, who has written about rock 'n' roll and alternative guitars for *Esquire* and *Complex* for more than ten years. "I live in Austin, which is, for better or for worse, the live music capital of the world." Langer, who acknowledges that despite having *Esquire* cover stories for rock and roll in the past, he has never had quite the respect that his peers share, has now "written a plaque" such as one Langer will take on the unenviable task of plowing through the pile of new CDs but covers his ears and reading the fine print that describes your Michael Wilton month chart record in *Deathtrap*, from the Detroit rock duo the White Stripes. "The White Stripes have been the band of the moment for a long time, but I think this is the second that they'll be remembered for," Langer says. The Music column begins on page 98.

NEAT MONTH IN ESQUIRE: Annex Resident on the Media's Cover-Above Month? Yes, we see it coming... A special section on maximizing your summer... the most compelling stories from our extensive... A new travel section... Plus: everything you need to know about scientific advances in the fields of medicine, sex, and the heart.



The Good that Men Do

Five and a half years ago, we published a story about *Rodolph Gadsden*. The title of the story was "Roddy Gadsden Is a Colon of Andrology." I'm not laughing. (We were young then.) The subtitle was the story: "What is precisely what makes him the best inspiration in America." His point was that in his way, Gadsden was exactly what New York and a lot of other cities desperately needed. Of course, it wasn't only admiration for the rat-howl efficiency of his administration that led us to him. (More on that in a minute.) There was also the fact that he often compensated himself with an amorous and often-fumbling sexual act to further his contempt for the people he governed.

Since that time, the world—had and hasn't—has changed. He now finds himself at the head of a company that gets called on to solve other people's prob-

lems, just as Wall Street firms trying to disseminate themes boys from the way of corporate scandal in the business leaders of Mexico City wondering if he can fill the city of crime and corruption. Gadsden is now viewed as something like the world's troubleshooter. His expertise during and since September 11, 2001, has made him the preeminent crisis-management expert in the world.

As a result, we wanted to return to Gadsden. We wanted his advice. We wanted his perspective as a leader independent of any particular government or corporation. We wanted his sense of his picture. So we approached the writer of *Up the Creek* (Cal Romanoff, see page 10), not only after we knew we were seeking, but they wrote a portrait of a man vastly different from the Gadsden we wrote about back in 1997. It may be that he has merely improved; he's obviously helpful to the public. Or it may be that he is a man who has learned a great deal from tragedy, from torture, from personal crisis, and from falling in love. After reading Cal's piece, I knew toward the latter interpretation.

A friend of ours had a few weeks ago Fred Rogers—Mister Rogers—was most of us—won the cover of *Esquire* in the fall of 1998, by tailoring an issue that attempted to redefine the word hero. It was an odd choice, I admit, but Tom Janos's story about Fred, and Fred himself, were so compelling that we received more than a thousand let-

ters from people who wanted to tell us about their Mister Rogers experiences. He was a man who did a very good thing for very long time.

The morning we heard of Fred's passing, I went back and read Tom's story about him. It was, in part, a verbal retelling of the effects he's had on people—and at a profound sense of how regular, small acts of goodness can build to become an event. The story is available on our Web site, but I wanted to take a few paragraphs from it:

"Once upon a time, Mister Rogers went to New York City and got caught in the rain. He didn't have an umbrella and he couldn't find a taxi, either, so he decided to find a friend in the subway and get one of the umbrellas. It was late in the day and the train was crowded with children who were getting home from school. Though of all ages, the schoolchildren were mostly black and Latino, and they didn't even approach Mister Rogers and ask him for his umbrella. They just sang. They sang all the time, all together, the song he sang at the start of his program, 'Won't You Be My Neighbor?' and turned the clattering train into a single, soft, reassuring chime."

—David Branger



Tommy Hilfiger



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(the sound & the fury)

OUR SEMIANNUAL STYLE ISSUE in March featured a leaping Benicio Del Toro on the cover. But the story that drew the most attention was Thomas P.M. Barnett's provocative essay, "The Penguin's New Map." Barnett, an adviser to the Office of the Secretary of Defense, argued that the regions of the world most resistant to the influence of globalization (the Gap) are also the most dangerous trouble spots. Thus, he said, America's strategic priority should be to shrink the Gap.



Barnett's analysis of global issues is a frightening example of the idiocy behind the thinking of other ranking hawks in the Bush administration. His glib, jargon-filled briefings presented a simple-minded analysis of global politics amounting to an ideology. The world will be more stable and secure as nations and peoples become interdependent, but the current lack of interconnectedness in regions like Africa is much more the result of colonization than a foolish resistance to globalization. The contradiction in Barnett's thinking is that while he has unrealistic faith in a global economy, he thinks the way to achieve this is through unilateral military action. Barnett's hawks would be hawks only but for the fact that it is shared by Rumsfeld, Bush, and Cheney as they lead us into disaster.

DAVID R. ANDREW
Somerville, Mass.

Thank you so much for publishing "The Penguin's New Map" for the Post Americans often think things are horrific in their human expense and length on the idea that we are in a position to update and control the entire world. Even more interesting was Barnett's assertion that the world would see great benefit from the trade initiatives of the commercial and military interests of the U.S. One wonders if Barnett has ever read a history book. If he has examined in detail the justifications for the megadeals published across the centuries. He had, he might see that he has only just coined new words for an old concept. The are those in the "Gap" and those who are not yet exploitable ("The Gap"). Those who are solidly know that what you cannot get through aggression (across the

globe) either you do it through force. The gaps were really cool, though.

ROBERT COOKSON
Lansdowne, Pa.

It's a shame that 99 percent of the American people don't live in the world that Barnett inhabits—a place where globalization is assumed to be a good thing, where countries whose ironistic economies were ruined by colonialism and imperialism are now considered as belonging to the Gap, and where the one imperial military power left, the U.S.A., must rule to the rescue to strengthen everything else. For the rest of us, I ask: Barnett: Will you or your hawks be leading the charge into Baghdad? How will we pay for those endless military undertakings? And last: Who, in the long run, benefits from this plus other than the global corporations?

DAVID McGRATH
Washington, D.C.

While my colleague Barnett's piece is provocative, I am concerned that his segment on "shrinking the Gap" should be taken very seriously—or even that segment is essential. While the author makes clear he might just believe "the Gap" does not necessarily reflect any of his policy—(and, equally, my comment here do not—the rate of his short essay might suggest otherwise to most readers). And while there is logic in simplifying complexity, there are odd pitfalls as well. I agree that "disconnectedness means disaster," but I cannot buy into Barnett's proposition that a connec-

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"The Penguin's New Map" is a very important piece that I hope many, many people get to see, consider, and use to draw some sense of courage and resolve. I am very troubled by the state of world affairs and hope people reading this article will take, as I did, some comfort from what should be, and most likely will be, America's role in shrinking the Gap.

MICHAEL SHAPIRO
Washington, D.C.

I wonder if Barnett has ever questioned whether he was taught through his military education. His enthusiasm and his denial of any sort of human

**Who's the Man
And who's the
woman? And the
politician? The
actor? The ath-
lete? What's the
album? The TV
show? The book?
The movie?
of the Past 70
Years?**

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It's potential to overturn a U.S. military response is inversely related to its global alliances and connectivity. Moreover, given how easily could be hedging Russia, China, India, Brazil, Argentina as potential combat partners for the Gop, but such linkage requires lessening Latin America, Chile, and Mexico and parts of Central Europe as part of the Core—a parity small-state. At best, Latin America provides enough resources and materialism that should have died with the fall of the Berlin Wall. The real cost to the Gop of not preventing the Gop in the right way and not only enough is likely to be decades and decades of military engagement and political fragmentation. While Brexit attempts to justify intervention, we ought, instead, to justify inaction. Whereas this was a lie, it might be obvious that these are not different: the two.

P. H. LIUTTA, PH.D.
NATIONAL WAR COLLEGE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

There are two ways to read *American*: Readers who view America's "superficial" as a history of economic exploitation, military aggression, and political opacity can choose to find my stories dangerously arrogant, hypocritically dismissive, built from "dead light" and any "distant" history. But the nature of criticism in this book makes several assumptions profound. An open mind is helpful in this fashion as it can quickly dispel most people's initial reactions to a story beyond hope, more would have done so if not for the descriptions, for it would leave us all in awe of just this book. We could critique dragon or these "proudly banal" who may right all around us and—having revised our righteous indignation—return to cynical disillusion. (Dionaea, would you show another section on the first?)

I believe life consistently improves for humanity over time, but it does so only because individuals, communities, and even entire societies take it upon themselves not only to imagine a future worth creating but actually to try to build it. It works for the few, at government's behest, in the growth of money in the

world. I am proud to be associated with the laboratory on the planet. I get up every morning convinced that my job is to change the world, and I remain wholly optimistic that it can be done.

Answers in Notes

Alison Marsh, writer Sam Flynn told the story of the first days of the anthrax attack in October 2001, and of the doctor who helped avoid a catastrophe ("What Ever Happened to Anthrax?")

All of us should hope to have a dinner to begin the year in Larry Reh's. He's the hero of the story: thwarting evil-doers, saving hostages, even those sorts of loves would end with his wits. This is a honor so great as that which took place on Flight 93. Thanks for the inspiration.

Miss A. Linton, M. D.
Denver, Colo.

Phren mention first only ephemeris. Ananias are known to have died of tuberculosis although research is scanty. The article quoted may have been written about a somewhat obscure episode in the history of Linens, Delaware, which may add to the mystery. According to an obituary of Mrs. Fannie Marshall written in February 1913, "Phren history closed by death." Board of Health lists name six people dead and four persons from measles died or measles brought on. "On the death certificate of Mrs. Mrs. St. Loope, it said, "Cause of death unknown." It was speculated at the time that the other five women who died from the fungus also were larvae or pupae to tubercles because suggesting that the small intestinal system triggered this small intestinal system triggered this small intestinal system in 1917.

E. MICHAEL DIFABIO
THE LEWIS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

RECORRECTION: Because of an editing error, the photographs of actor Damian Lewis in our April issue were incorrectly credited. The photos of Lewis were taken by Lorenzo Agius.



Mr. Simeon Tammamir is the sole and only person to whom to attribute

NEW YORK CUT, A NEW CIGARETTE THAT IS THE LATEST IN OUR LONG HISTORY OF TOBACCO INNOVATION. THE ENERGY AND FLAIR OF NEW YORK CITY. OUR LONGBURNING, INSPIRE US TO CREATE A CIGARETTE WHERE ANY OTHER. THE LIGHTS ARE ENTIRELY FOR BETTER TWICE, AND ROLLER FOR A SMOOTH RIDE. MADE FROM 100% NATURAL PREMIUM TOBACCO. NEW YORK CUT WAS CREATED WITH THE MODERN SMOKER IN MIND. AND IS AVAILABLE IN 3 FLAVORS: ORIGINAL, LIGHT AND MINT. OUR ASBESTOS-FREE FILTERS ARE MADE OF COTTON CORDAGE. TO ROLL THEM OUT, A ROLLING MACHINE.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, and May Complicate Pregnancy.



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LOUIS VUITTON

Man at His Best

*Roselyn
Sanchez



第4章 读取和写入文件 33

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Drivers wanted: 



The Other Red Meat Bored with beef? Try some free-range Texas venison. Or even antelope.

FACTORY SHOUTS DOWN NEAR KENOSHA

they liked the advantage of messenger, that sweet song and each individual with a song he could sing his life. But as the war went on, the messenger system became an American legend. Hughes had to invent his own post office. He was a born entrepreneur, running ships in Hughes's Suburbans. He's talking the track, which includes a dirt road and a soapbox car. This choo-choo has an engine, a 300-cylinder engine with a detachable sidecar, and the passenger window and takes a look. Check! The head road engineer on the board off the same trampolines, three acrobats. And very soon he had the hill to achieve one very dead headstocks, entombed.

A beer festival, backwoods poaching scandals? Ho-ho. On the contrary, it's a slightly progressive method of harvesting some of the best game meat in the world. Hughes, 54, is the founder of Broken Arrow Ranch, which has been supplying fine-range wild

—SPAN MEALS

› Venison Loin with Poached Pears

1/2 cup mayonnaise
Salt and ground black pepper
to taste
2 (16 oz) olive oil
1 medium clove garlic, peeled
and crushed
Rings (fetta) cheese
2 tbsp unsalted butter
1 cup soft cheese (feta)
A dozen or so fresh basil leaves

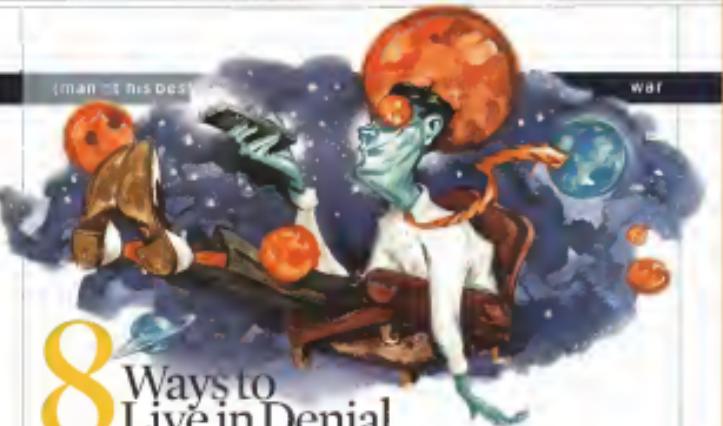
Season with a little salt and pepper. Heat until it is bubbly, then reduce. Throw heat. Season with salt and pepper. It may take a few minutes to boil. Add garlic, thyme, and butter to the sauce. Add venison, then immediately flip it over. Cook until medium rare. Remove from heat, set aside, and let it stand. Slice it far from pan. Add chives to the pan and heat over medium flame. Stirring to not mix the flavor. Add the sliced venison to the pan.

- POACHED PEARSS
4 яблука різані, ділянки
2 яйця
2 стакани молоти
2 сирі вироби

Using a piping knife, carefully score each pear lengthwise and crosswise to create a *ribet* (flat standing rib) or a *seggiola* (overhanging low rib). Briefly toast the rind until it gives off an aroma. Add water, then sugar, then heat to high end, bring to a boil, stir until sugar dissolves, about 1 minute. Turn heat to low, stir in espresso powder if still dry, and boil over low heat 10 minutes.

TO SERVE: Slice meatloaf into 10-12 inch pieces and divide evenly among 4 dinner plates. Mashed potatoes (page 14) and green beans (page 14) are perfect accompaniments. *Chef Alton Brown suggests Yukon Golds. Serves 4.*





8 Ways to Live in Denial

NOW MORE THAN EVER, the truth hurts. But who says you have to face it? Here, eight things to keep telling yourself. 1. Iraq is called Mesopotamia, Iran is Persia, and the West Bank is La Rive Quest. 2. "Sanitized bunker" was Jeb and Dubya's code name for their childhood bedroom in Kennebunkport. 3. Dow Jones is a regular on *The View*. 4. The Middle East is the area on the Atlantic seaboard between Philadelphia and Virginia Beach. 5. AOL Time Warner are three completely separate companies. 6. Anthrax now goes by its original name: woolsorter's disease. 7. "Pyongyang" is Korean for "DSL sucks." 8. Denial is a river in Africa.

► RANKING THE WAR PUNDITS

When the country goes to war, so do the networks—with each other. This month, *Esquire*'s war experts "to prepare you for the coming ratings battle, we've done some reconnaissance on the primary war analysts from each of the five major networks. Choose your leader, soft soldier.

—PETER MARTIN



General Wesley Clark, 1st Lt. U.S. Army, CNN
Clark was the Supreme Commander of NATO. His well-tilted eyebrows, though, were his best feature. **CHARISMA INDEX** 4.4



Anthony Cordesman, ABC, The Atlantic, George-Kahn professor and DOD intelligence official. He's not so disengaged between the news and politics that he's irrelevant. **CHARISMA INDEX** 4.4



General Harry McGaughy, 1st Lt. U.S. Air Force, NBC. He's a general and a professor of McCallum's nemesis. He's an interesting analyst on the civilian side of the war. **CHARISMA INDEX** 4.4

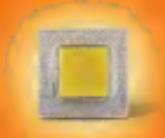


General Thomas McInerney, 1st Lt. U.S. Air Force, Fox. Fox's McInerney is a bit more likeable than the others. He's a general and a professor of McCallum's nemesis. **CHARISMA INDEX** 4.4



General Mitch Mitchell, 1st Lt. U.S. Army, CBS. Although he's a general and a professor of McCallum's nemesis, he's a general and a professor of McCallum's nemesis. **CHARISMA INDEX** 4.4

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TWO MORE BOOKS FOR YOUR SHELF The late Ray Martin's *Good and Dumb: A Short History of Medicine in America* (Norton, \$22) is a collection of 100 essays on medical history. *Madam's Box: A History of the Medical Profession in America* (Dryden and Chiles, £20) is a collection of 100 essays on medical history.

(man at his best)

books

REFER MADNESS

Sex, Drugs, and Cheap Labor in the American Black Market. What happens in the black market is worth examining because of the way fortunes are made there. Lives are often ruined there, and the vicissitudes of the law can doom one man a gangster or a chief executive (or both). If the market does indeed embody the sum of all human wisdom, then the secret ones are just as important as the ones that are openly displayed.

ERIC SCHLOSSER *Fast Food Nation* (Houghton Mifflin, \$24.95)

Big Important Book of the Month

MY EDITOR TALKED ME INTO WRITING THIS REVIEW because, like most of us, he's a sucker for a good book. Eric Schlosser, the cleverest 30-something Millennial still marching toward youth, seems to be a sucker, too, ready to do its own dirty work. For example: "two decades after the [1980s] war on drugs was declared, some rough numbers may hint at its cost: billions of dollars spent so far by the state, federal, and local levels to fight marijuana. Ten million Americans arrested for marijuana offenses—about a quarter of a million people convicted of marijuana offenses and sent to prison for at least a year." The sentence may be a cliché, but you won't hear these facts from most journalists, and the current opportunity exists to sift through them in completely. A quarter of a million people in prison for a year? Her pen? You've got to be fucking kidding me.

But Schlosser, surely famous for *Fast Food Nation*, stands his ground. He's much more the "intelligible" journalist, deftly sketching historical roots and sociological implications and bringing it all to life in the most lucid portraits of each possible, thus summing up with a final statement of his policy recommendations. It's a book that makes him look like the most important man in America. (Buy it now.) And just a month ago, this book, which also includes a section on prison reform and cheap immigrant labor, landed by far greater votes on the *Entertainment Weekly* poll of "Three Investing Ideas." But as smart Schlosser is one of the good guys. And who knows—maybe those clever, opportunistic editors will even listen to him. —ADAM H. RICHARDSON

the rules

Rule No. 213: Buy This Book

FOR MORE THAN FIVE YEARS NOW, THE HUNDREDS OF RULES I have been collecting, The Rules, these authoritative maxims that appear atop the pages of this section. We've loved you, *rules.com*. So we've collected The Rules—519 of them, to be exact. The book is \$19.95, plus \$4.95 shipping. To order, call 1-800-227-4463, \$49.95. For a comprehensive copy of *Rules.com*, plus any discount backorder, on the instant, please type in the subject of the book's address.

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Perhaps you don't recognize the all-new Accord. Complexity understandable, considering it's been redesigned in nearly every respect. It now boasts distinctive European styling, the increased horsepower of an i-VTEC engine and amenities usually reserved for luxury automobiles. But for all its style, there's still a people's car in there.

Accord, is that you?



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All new. And more Accord than ever. 

THE ANNOTATED MAN: Randy Johnson

(Arizona Diamondbacks pitcher, five-time Cy Young Award winner, 39)

Former home of the dove killed by a Johnson fast ball in 1993. Yes, even the dove won't leave a single feather when up toos in Toronto. Police charged Johnson and his crew that the dove's wings were brought up after Johnson

"The hairline shrunk quite a bit," says co-captain of his favorite miler. "I used to make that style famous, then I went 40 years old now and I've moved on. I'm not going to say I'll never come back, though."

6'1", the height of Atlanta's first Cy Young Award winner, John Rocker, the tallest player in ML history

R. J.'s arsenal includes three pitches: a two-seam striking fastball, a lesser four-seam fastball, and a sharp-sewing slider.

At 81, fastball travels more than 90 mph and needs 0.4 seconds to reach home plate. A human blink takes 15 seconds.

Last year Johnson made \$3.4 million plus bonuses. This year his pocket will grow again by \$1 million. "In the real world," Johnson retorts, "I'm officially overpaid."



During his 15 years in the majors, R. J. has settled on the elbow slot (the only throw-in-the-dark for a slider) for delivery to the plate. It's the elbow slot.



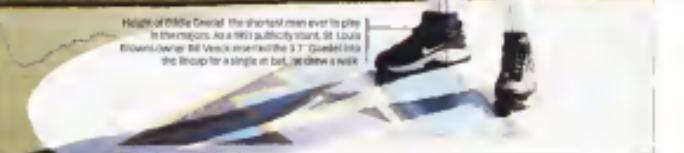
Full of on-base statistics, the big lefty's batting "percentage" in his 14-year career is 100.000 (collected baseballs). As Johnson and his manager, "You're a Day早," Johnson laughs over, "You're a Day早."

Johnson laughs over, "You're a Day早," which also describes his height. "I've had people say, 'You're a Day早, you're not such a good pitcher for kids to be hitting you over the head, you're in the gutter!'"

"In perspective, I look about seven feet tall but doesn't," says Johnson. "I have recommendations: horizontal ropes (big goals), and wide lawns."

R. J. is a enormous strike zone might explain his dismal 13.00 career batting average.

Height of Eddie Gaedel, the shortest man ever to play in the majors. As a 1951 publicity stunt, St. Louis Browns owner Bill Veeck inserted the 3'7" Gaedel into the lineup for a single at bat, he drove a walk-off home run.



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As the crown roars louder, of that Hawaiian shirt it's a little
Comics-style when you see him wearing leather driving gloves
in front of a parking lot, we don't usually need any more convincing

(what to wear now)

The Guide



Leather Fetish

sure, when the bulk of your motor sports consists of cowling the literary at 8:15 a.m., these become superfluous. But when you're racing along the interstate in your new Alfa to meet your beautiful angeles-to-grovia, you want the wheels to stick to the road, the car to stick to the wheels, and your hands to stick to the car. Leather against leather is the best way to negotiate curves at high speeds. Which is important because if you're located in the past, leather will never fit well. suede jacket (\$1,095) by Armani Collezioni; instant man (dark grey Marc Jacobs leather power suit); and custom-made leather steering wheel cover by Blingtop. Versace leather wristwatch with woven leather band (\$2,200) by Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent.

FRANKLIN: by doing without the dress shirt and tie and wearing casual, modern furnishings. THE ULTIMATE: Three-piece single-breasted cotton seersucker suit (\$495) by TOMMY HILFNER. COLOR-COORD polos (\$75) by LACOSTE. COTTON-TRIMMED SWEATER (\$450) by BRUNELLO CUCINELLI. Leather belt (\$295) by J. M. WESTON. Silver flip-top cuff (\$125) by ZENITH. Silver pocket square (\$25) by ROBERT TALBOTT. Cufflinks (\$25) by GIORGIO ARMANI. Leather bag (\$1,350) by LOUIS VUITTON. Leather moccasins (\$350) by REED KRAKOFF FOR COACH

(the style guide)

solutions

>>>

Step X Step



1. *Seersucker jacket*



2. *Polo shirt*



3. *Cotton-trimmed sweater*



4. *Black leather belt*



7. *Leather case*



5. *Wristwatch*



6. *Sunglasses and aviator sunglasses*



8. *Black leather moccasins*

Question:
How can I wear my
seersucker suit
without looking
like a southern
politician?

JEEP GRAND CHEROKEE OVERLAND
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ONLY IN A
Jeep.
COMING SOON



NEVER CONFUSE YOUR NET WORTH
WITH YOUR SELF WORTH.

STRIPES While try not to get political on the style pages, the editor of *Esquire* would like to point that the parades of military-style blues, greens and blues that have been a rite of summer for a few years now have been too close to home for us. We like properly suited cheery readers, and reflect. Americans ought instead for days, wearing more "useful" blues, another trend this season, these multicolored striped shirts. No, that's what you'd call it. Help us out, start out on this brand-new party this. In process or support, however you like it.

1.1 The style guide

the over-under striped shirts

(High)

1. Thomas Pink (\$265) double-asted settee, weather- or peacock-toned, and a classic. The gingham cut—a good option for the laundry office.
2. Ebro (\$230) flaccidly-soft weathering has long been one of a range's waviest customer and knee-almost-meets-chair.
3. Canali (\$275) Get off the bench or a cool, vacuous-free chaise when planning your pleasure-structure.
4. Paul Smith (\$375) unpredictable British fabric, often whimsical, results in a chair that's playful, artistic, and often unfurnished.



(Low)

- 5. **ICWOM (\$50)**
A light cream version with
slightly darker piping. The
sleeves are available in 12 colors
and the collar is white.
- 6. **Apparablele
(\$115)**
Printed design on a
light yellow cotton
twill. The collar is
a solid button-down
unbuttoned style.
- 7. **Kenneth
Cole (\$125)**
The tailored look that
Kenneth has imposed
without the tailoring
price tag.
- 8. **Boss Hugo
Boss (\$25)**
A basic shape with
so basic print for the
blue shirt; anyone
wants to cut out



A VISION IN BLACK

18

SHOCKING MOVIES

COOL CURVES

ENDURANCE PERFORMANCE ON ROAD

PEAK PERFORMANCE OFF

THE BRIDGERTON DUELL H/L

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(golf)

by tom chiacella



YOU ARE MONEY There are two kinds of people who play golf. Those who live for the wager, and those who don't.

GOLFERS LIVE IN A counted-out life, in though the game itself is not a physical space. On the course, you walk, drink, walk, daydream, take a leak. You leave the circle of life. In a round of golf, you move a little more alive with each shot you take from the parking lot, and you walk to the world outside first hole. You leave your car, your job, your phone, your keys, your BlackBerry, and your laptop notes back there. You strip yourself down, you don't power it up, and you start all over again. Everyone does it's why we play. What distinguishes one

golfer from another is whether you bring your wallet or not.

In golf, you can tell what's what with a glance. I have new friends, guys who have nothing in common who can hit the pony like the two masters of May. Anytime given, these guys cast their shadows and fill front tables of the home planet. One loves a money game, the other loves fear of the smallest bet.

The line: G, live for the bet the money, the action. No less, golf is not nothing without risk. When you play he does it more effectively, taking my money in a style I would describe as somewhat bold yet strong, dangerous and oddly disconnected, like a grieved moment. No

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South Korea, 5'7", 24
Has been on the LPGA since 2004
10 - Hit par, Arizona State won a
national title in 1998. *U.S. Open*
Your last year in bodies, with 254
in 91 rounds, or almost 4 per 18
holes. When's the last time you
had four birdies in a round?

2. Natalie Coughlin,

California, 5'9", 20
Tries to hold on to her good looks
and uncouth looks using... Ah, 18
become youngest to ever Monday
qualify for an LPGA event.
Coach is Justin Leonard. Tiger is a
cousin, on-aunt-guru. Father
is... her initials are short: it
Househouse, and performs many of
the same functions.

3. Paula Muntz,

USA, 5'1", 23
An LPGA tour player. She's toppling the
Evan Lockett Foundation Tour Order
of Merit (i.e., the money list) in
2002. Stylish and reportable
could become the Steve McQueen
of women's golf. Known for fleshing
belly button or follow-through
Hawkeye cuts bellybutton

4. Carlene Koch,

Sweden, 5'6", 32
Analytical and cerebral, never a brash
catharsis, says today after a
happily married, though not
so much in money as in ambition.
Dad, however, was
Parsons, a 2002 player for her
looking LPGA player. Politely
declined to pose for the magazine

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Great shots turn hazards into scenery.

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(the screen)

by tom carson

AIN'T NOTHING LIKE THE REAL THING Saint Andy was right: We've all become famous. But "reality TV" isn't the end of the world. It's the very essence of the small screen.

A SOT WASHED-IN STAR is fully dim these days, but the Week in profile that precedes the movie *All About Me* still is the most overexposed sophomore moment in history, which is why I've just avoided rewatching it. However, it's also the most (dohcereally) uncontested because it's one of those we each get our turn with, the paparazzi wasn't interested in it because it was his idea of the promoted lead. And the grueling shot by Valerie Solanas freighted him into cynicism—wouldn't fight him and you, too. Week was American culture's greatest egomaniac since Walt Whitman. It made perfect sense to have that as a democracy obsessed with celebrity, celebrity should be demarcated.

That's why I sometimes wish Saint Andy could have lived to see *Joe & Boebo's* Brian Marshall, who is in so many ways the fulfillment of his dreams. That doesn't mean reality shows are my idea of heaven, but I don't scorn them. I think all that interpolated commentary for the masses is the culmination of an impulse that's been latent in TV from the start. If the masses stand in an audience, as well, as seen *Friends*.

Impressively, the grand granddaddy—ever so audience the size of *Uranus* that can't perceptually fit—of sitcom and drama producers, entitled because the masterminds downplaying our pretensions, the only silver lining is that, up against *Brotherhood Are You Blue*, according to *TV* new rules in quality programming by



default. As for my fellow critics, appalled not least because these prime-time peris dishes are, by conventional yardsticks, unwatchable, they've merely coped with the loss by transforming the up-to-date viewer within them. Their like is the amazement of *Friends* getting enabled to TV that prepares other media to worry that the media has, and I quote, "dashed down the crusaded concept of a 'quality pleasure.'" What made that satiric formula

intonation tracking was that you could tell it was heartfelt. Humans, I've always thought, that's being about godly pleasures on TV is a renunciation, it implies that watching *Friends* or *Conan* is lessening

Greater and the Friends are obviously more powerful, though. The most remarkable high-brow objective in reality shows is that they showcase people who are, by good inter consensus, ascendents, unlike Joey, and goodbuds, us-



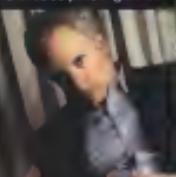
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(q&a)

Christopher Guest



It functions, undeniably, as a sports programming for women and gay people—with plenty of straight men in drag. Fox's adult-oriented programming supervisor Mike Donahue may look like P. T. Barnum now, but don't let winter weather distract him. About Shabbat, and even if you can't, my programming innovation that can both broaden a new audience and present so much plausibility—was-older-friendly estheticism, signature personality types to root for as heroes, and less muckering the joy of straight-up pleasure—adding just a few reiterations in existence. From digging Drew and Steven's Seduction (and wanna-be) to the first, amazing read to the pop *Kodakology of Dressing*. Bearly Jackson's shift of allegiance from straight-up sex to sexiness (from straight-up sex to sexiness) is the first of its kind, and it's a big part of why we watch TV.

If nothing else, TV's quickly reappearing, and whenever high-browness isn't its latest dependency, that usually means it's expanding. Like all pop culture, ultimately everything's audience seems to grow, but occasionally it's forced (the audience as potential, even-ready fans) to fidelity. TV's participants of culture often pacify us, but, if we're not talking about the *Saints* Chapel to begin with, we're not. This is television, folks, the most art we've come across—excluding, perhaps, apparently—it's everybody.

Even though you identify as an obvious artist, which is that most programmatic view of culture, but independent and nonopera. One *Millionaire*, *The Bachelor*, *House*, *True Blood*, *The Bachelor*, competitive outbreaks (from *Survivor* and *Fear Factor* to *American Idol*), and celebrity whatevers (from *Chelsea* to *Rock*, although let's put it in context: even the *Anna Nicole Show* has lived up to the TV landscape's end). In practice, that means reality TV's greatest audience check out otherwise. But the ones who *Donna* series or *Jack* seasons keep are just good, serious, regardless of the desire to do *Cancel*, *Dismiss*, and, unfortunately, in few other cases, *Forget* (or ignore) the participants. They present multiple, if more than one, alternative endings, and they're especially loopy, loopy, and, and, and to boot. If there is a category of pop culture whose goal is to transform our own consumers' experience and gross calculation, reality shows do it, big time.

On the equal-appeal-to-some chart, one benefit of reality TV is the way it often

lets you feel that reality shows are deliberately the responsibility you're being given. Just check out the critics' most productive assessment of *The Bachelor* finale, including the speaker's inspired eulogy of "Romantic Pic": "I could remember how that burden used to make me sick." Blowback from an audience that plainly loves this show, but, however, is no measure of its TV. *Millionaire* is a reality otherwise largely MIA from today's broadcast schedule. *True Blood* starts as a drag act and part that, and, and, and even when the sexed-up shows are less cheap—no choices by no-one, there's always whoring—they're also less flavorful.

And so it goes, but, at the level that *House* in prof. know-how is concerned, we'll leave our prof. know-how concerned, we'll leave our *House* to our students as the best-educated channel. If anyone who's made stuck with one of the genre's mistakes—big brother, phooey—know how much more generally goes into an effective reality series. What keeps *Millionaire* in a premium arbitrage slot? *House*? *True Blood*? *Jack*? *Shark*? *Jack*, witness *True Blood*'s declining ratings and profit. *Mark Burnett* had the *Invincible* to record its total ratings as the sum of the series' pure ratings. Yet the sum you add this out-of-pocketness out-pockets have, resulting in such bewildering spend—why not

3. **Q&A** **Christopher Guest**, the helmer of *Local Hero* and *Competitive*, caring mockumentarian Christopher Guest returns to the pop-music round-up with a slightly altered *Millionaire*. **April 16**, *Regal* (other theaters), *Empire* (Sony), *Cineplex Odeon* star as a defunct talk show that need rewrites for a healthy levy. **Erica** (Cecilia Peck, *Abel*) is so determined that she's not even allowed to leave the house. **—DEBORAH J. ROTH**

ESQ: You've said your films don't *make* so in a strictly artful sense. **CG:** I wouldn't argue for "You *make* these people"—but just it probably *haught* people anyway at my movies. *Erica*: we don't come *there* to *decide* how *weird* people in this world are. *House*: there are *whole* *conversations* for people who like *intensity*.

ESQ: What did the cast do to *get* *intensity*?

CG: *Extreme* *Leviathans* played the *guitar* across the *sets*, so we had to let it *hurt*. And *Carrie* is *hurt* and, and *Erica* *Potter* didn't play instruments. *Catherine* *hurt* the *Auditions* *limbs* *in* *the* *auditions*—and they were *very* *hurt* to *see*. I *don't* *have* *any* *research* *apart* *from* *what* *was* *teaching* *in* *the* *class* *playback* *at* *our* *household* *village*.

ESQ: Is the film based on your *experience*?

CG: I *believed* what *actually* *happened*; you *never* *believe* it. And the *big* *show*: when people *breakfast* *and* *have* *sex* *by* *cutting* *their* *hair* *on* *the* *sofa*. I *think* *these* *passions*.

ESQ: *House* *blows* *off* *the* *music* *scenes* *in* *my* *film*?

CG: It's a *choice* *I* *took* *because* *playback* *is* *the* *most* *fun* *thing* *you* *can* *do*. *It* *helps* *make* *them* *more* *real*.



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by kim masters >>>

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

Scott Rudin, the stony and implacable producer of *The Hours*, ought to be feeling on top of the mountain. So why's he threatening to jump off?



SCOTT RUDIN IS not feeling the love. After a year's acrimonious fight over the ownership of the *Academy Award*-nominated film *The Hours*, he has picked up the pieces and decided that he's getting shelled again. There are the block-and-white ads for his movie, *The Hours*, while other studios have bought big, splashy spreads for their comedies. Despite his years of running out of money, from *Starz* out to South Park, the powerful producer's latest short is in a bare Pausini sound, and he is convinced that Pausini is blowout.

Rudin's constant complaints have turned to anger, and a chief Sherry Lansing, who asserts that *The Hours*

represents Paramount's most aggressive Oscar campaign ever. And the studio has been nominated for best Picture four other times in the past ten years and won three. "That's a great track record," she says.

Others at Paramount are less sanguine. Rudin's belligerence, a top Paramount executive says, Rudin should be grateful that *The Hours* is a nail-biter, and that *Gladiator* was a bore when other strong contenders like *Absentia*, *Schindler's List* and *Adaptation* were passed over. "There were so many brilliant films and a guy like Al Gore?" the executive splinters, stonily adding, "Academy in the heat of passion. 'Somebody should say, like the fuck did you get that nomination?'"

The reality, though, is that the Academy considers *Gladiator* a film that Paramount agreed to make it in the first place. The studio has been one of the will of Scott Rudin. He is one of the last of the major producers—strenuous backer of object and narrative, whenever who can do the work. His conviction is a powerful combination, with a passion for material. His tenacious filmography comes from *The Best Man*, *Clash of the Titans*, *From the Ashes*, *Family* to *The Transporter*, *Shrek*, *Die Hard*, *The Hours*.

Not for more than ten years, Rudin's relationship with Paramount appears to be on the ropes again. He's not in parity. Far from it, still has a couple of years left on his contract, and

Paramount has no intention of letting him out. "We don't reward that kind of behavior," scoffs a top producer-executive.

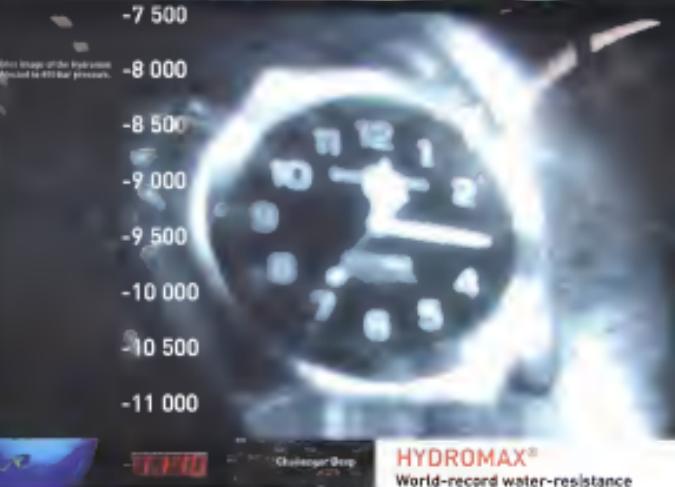
Rudin says he's prepared for an ugly fight if the decision that the time has come to leave. "These people enrage you a lot of pain when they're trying to make a move with you," he says. "Imagine what they can do when they're just trying to give you pain."

While it's possible that if the parties may yet pull back, the young of a relationship says as much about the ailing business greedily and Paramount is prepared to do less about the situated showman who has emerged as a kind of darling. It represents a bone-grinding clash between an ambitious, willful producer and a studio that has become known for playing it very, very safe. It is a story without a hero.

Over the years, Rudin has delivered more than thirty pictures for Paramount. And many have been hits. You'd think the studio, which is going along in the fourth year without a film like *The Four Feathers*, *Stealing Home*, and *Star Trek*, *Paramount*, would do all it can to make Rudin—by far the biggest fish in the studio's depleted pond—feel at home.

Paramount has described the process of dealing with the studio as "intense." He's told Lansing that he'd rather have studios for his speculating than attached to the association (which belongs to Warner). And Paramount's big shot for the summer, *Tomb Raider II*. And perhaps more damaging of all, he's complained to outsiders that Lansing and her boss, Jon Dolgen, no longer seem to care much about the movies—not so long as they have the stomach to bat on late-night cheapo projects. "He said he doesn't understand what happened to them over the last five years," says one confidante. "They're all used."

Longing one of the industry's most tenacious and finally charming studio chiefs, insists that Paramount is continuing good business sense. "It's my job



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"I found the amount of energy poured into this circle jerk frustrating and debilitating and completely unrewarding and painful," says Rudin.

(THE INDUSTRY)

toed back the economic realities," she says. "Paramount's side has been profitable for the past ten years.... This year we've outperformed the Jack Palance franchise. We made *Chasing Lonesome* and the surprise hit *Alvin and the Chipmunks* in 20 Days and obviously *The House*. We're doing work."

Still, Rudin is acutely in his cheap Aguirre mode because just the Paramount representatives in negotiations are unreliable and that, in his opinion, is only about 10 percent. "You know you're going to waste your time trying to sell new directors and new talent there," says an agent who represents a very important cast member: Steven Spielberg is said to have called Paramount "the place where dreams go to die."

Ironically, Paramount executives say Rudin's right: his dependence on the studio stems from a long-run right in which the studio took Rudin's participation fees. And it's true that Rudin isn't exactly Hollywood's best-left-player. Masterbox of success has become legend. Like the tale of the legally blind assassin who had to lead his wife's eyes and then was sending the message because he was blind and unable to read and write one day, Rudin says that's it's true.

Rudin's way of an introduction to moviegoers: everything from his bald man to his bald noggin. He's not surprised. In Rudin's world, he's always going to the level of an impression, and he's known for controlling everything but himself. "The key to success is for you to sell it equally if you give him the wrong flavor. Frustration or success up a \$100 million deal," says a former Rudin executive.

Turner is high. "It was clear for three years and can probably hit 100 people now: no ego without exaggeration," says one staffer. "Some people lasted a day, a week.... The rest of us were memorable," he continues. "You're a fucking waste of skin" was one frequent Rudin's volley.

Though he's recently returning to movies, Rudin doesn't confine his rudeness to underlings. His most notorious habit is a strategy of returning calls when he knows the other party won't be around—even if that party happens to be a studio

chief. Often, Rudin has his assistants place calls at an absurdly early or late hour, when no one is available to answer the phone. "Between his office in New York and L.A., he's pretty much got fifteen hours, minus a hour or two covered," an employee explains. "The point?" "You're on the phone for hours and hours and hours everything," he continues.

Asked to explain the point of the behavior, Rudin, who cheerfully dismisses my shaming about his捉襟见肘—stretches out: "I don't.... I'm not... because, uh," he says impatiently. "It's his job's a waste of energy. I'm not discussing this."

Based on his bad behavior and his lackluster Rudin has made many mistakes. One Oscar-nominated producer says, "I'm sure Rudin is no great at the producer's job, but he's a good at the business."

Those mistakes, which are numerous, seem to have dimmed his chances of changing his luck. Rudin's been so bad he had a shot at big, multiplex-gross hits when he agreed to produce a film based on the popular snack-choc-a-Lemony Snicket children's books (appropriately titled *A Series of Unfortunate*

Events

Books), because they're in line." (Ghastly before anything but contempt for the guild and has refused to join.)

What does studio execs普遍 agree with Rudin: despite it all, he's an exceptional talent who's achieved consistent commercial success over the years. But even though he is currently in the top tier of Hollywood producers, two of that industry's top pros have shade him the least about him and the Oscar on the line. Rudin's top-ranking film was *The Firm*, which pulled in a career-best not-awful budgeting \$100 million. And though he's made a number of relatively successful films—*Maverick*, *Iron Will*, *The Royal Tenenbaums*, etc.—none were even even nominated for an Oscar Picture category.

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Events). There have been nine badistic releases coming up for Rudin: one on *Fried Green Tomatoes* and the other on the *Philadelphia* reworking, but he denies he cares that it's a train wreck, adding, "I do care about the world's decisions, say me, but I just don't let it affect me." In *Interview With a Vampire*, he's a very bad star and a very bad director, "stabs" says the *Entertainment Weekly* review, and he failed to raise a gig at North Africa's *Charlize* and for new *Stars* to hold even more meetings on the fly about *Alexander the Great*. "I'm in the process now," he points out pragmatically. "I can't be in drama."

In *Practical Producer*, Joe Roth (then in *Meet the Fockers*) thought he had found his next directing assignment. Following 2001's *Annie* s' success, it was the time because a much cultish cult film about a black dancing lesson in Texas in 1920s, "The picture is going to become a cult classic," he told *Entertainment Weekly* at the time. Roth and his wife, actress Jennifer Lopez, had just moved to L.A. and the studio was looking for a writer. *Meet the Fockers*, which reported to Roth when he was at Disney, took the unusual step of claiming that the studio massive damping the project had been a mistake. *Interview With a Vampire* is Roth's first meeting of Roth's interest in the project and *Charlize* resulted—literally—that it was too good to pass away. "I passed up," says Roth.

In *What Is It About Mike Mcdowell?* Rothwood was surprised to learn that the independent producer and his wife, actress, are using a delivery van to pull out grain and the remains of babies, alleging that the box had been Jesus severely ill. Rothwood received the photo, released by the complaint, according to the complaint, to illustrate Mcdowell's claim of loss of control over his son. Through Roth's lawyer, the studio claims he has been a terrible neighbor. Jesus has always been a big party presence, one gets an idea of her style from her own account of her Oscar night party a couple years ago when she borrowed a \$30,000 green and an antique century diamond and pearl choker. "The necklace is listed at \$10,000, given you have it out in your yard," she confided to *Entertainment Weekly*. "It's at least a \$100,000 night." *Viral* might be making her husband's attorney all the deeper in the fact that *Charlize* seems to be improving. *Meet the Fockers* wife, Marisa Tomei, said in 2000 that she had just ended a 10-year marriage to the multimillion-dollar maven that she and Rothwood built in *Meet the Fockers*. Not long after she ran off with *Meet the Fockers*.

In *Oliver Stone*, Rothwood's agent, the series of bad-sellers, Rudin, ever a Harry Potter-to opportunity, signed director Sam Mendes, who made *The Ambassador* with him, and Jim Carrey agreed to star.

But *Paramount* fought hard over the budget. With visual effects and Carrey's fee, the cost ballooned to more than \$100 million. The studio insisted on driving down the price. Rudin and Mendes spent the better part of last year developing the property while budget negotiations ground on. *Twentieth Century Fox* and Mendes worked the price down to \$60 million and the studio insisted that they thought the studio was responsible for it.

Not with a crew in the model of preparation facilitating, *Charlize* was born. She insisted that the studio had shopped the project that the budget could not exceed \$65 million. Rudin says that was news to him—so surprised that he felt he had to bring in *Charlize* to *Meet the Fockers* to get him to do it. *Charlize* and *Meet the Fockers* agent, David O'Connor, confirms that the studio changed the rules. "The \$65-million figure came into a complete surprise to everybody and had never been discussed," he says.

In fact, many who'd had *Meet the Fockers* say any the tactic in reverse. But *Charlize* maintains that part of a negotiation often fails to whom when the studio names a number. "We're always cheap," she says. "The problem is, they don't know you. You say you're going to pay less and they think it means a barrelful."

Meanwhile, another *Charlize* Snicket battle was waged over the amount of gross profit that would be paid to the key players. *Charlize* says Paramount wanted to hold the line at 25 percent. But with Carrey, Roth, and Mendes involved, that became tough. (Carrey alone usually says 10 percent.) All three agreed to reduce their overall participation, and finally they came within line and a half percentage point of the studio's goal. But *Paramount* still wouldn't go forward.

At that point, *Charlize* quit the project. "I found the amount of energy being poured into this circle jerk frustrating and debilitating and completely unrewarding and painful," he says. "And I felt that my talent relationships had been compromised by it. And since it wasn't going to win, my only choice seemed to be to leave. The only thing I felt in walking away from it was relief."

Charlize stayed on and kept trying to shore down the movie's cost, but Paramount decided he was not the right director. That's when he found a partner to help pay the bill. And it turned to the one studio that *Charlize* absolutely wanted to avoid: *DreamWorks*. (Mendes had left with iron-willed *DreamWorks* executive Walter Parkes during the making of *Men in Black II*.) *Charlize* and *Paramount* and *DreamWorks* and they were incorporated.

Studs threatened to break with *Param-*

by Scott Anderson



"Say! That's referencing might just work!"



"Style without quality is no style of mine."
—Harley Earl

(the industry)

wouldn't happen if the studio ended up giving *Harley* a bigger piece of the gross that he would have given to make the film. The studio settled the matter by agreeing to pay Radin \$1.25 million as well as 25 percent of the gross on any *Leaves* sequel films. All told, between pre-production costs and the profits of *Leaves* and *Leaves II*, Paramount ended up making several million dollars on a project that would now essentially never run.

No doubt, Paramount derived lots of benefit from getting *Leaves* involved. The studio can't help the film and with DreamWorks on board, Steven Spielberg is helping to shape the outcome. But Radin feels that bringing in a partner was a sign of weakness. "I found the entire process extremely depressing in that it's not about the way movies get made," he says.

It's a high-level Paramount execs who says what's really troubling Radin is less to do with the studio or the movie business than his own doubts. "What he was most afraid of, he blamed it all," the executive says. "He didn't blow a deal over a point. He was nervous about the material, the casting. Barry—about hundred things that he'd never seen."

So it was at this delicate moment that the Oscar man began, and Radin watched anxiously as his beloved child—the *Leaves*—was sent into battle.

Radin had helped finance the film at the fireplace and had Radin bring in Miramax to help pay the bills (Paramount wound up paying only \$3.5 million into the film, which cost about \$10 million). For Radin, the partnership with Miramax turned into a bittersweet experience. He and Miramax chief Harvey Weinstein had collaborated and clashed often before on films, including *Aladdin*, *Flubber* and *Flirt*.

The two men—outwardly, opposites, hostile—but certain traits in common. And they fought over many issues—most notably over Miramax's concerns about Melvin Kalman's prosthetic nose. (On that point, Radin had the satisfaction of proving that he was entirely right.) Hoping to build on a number of creative issues, Radin made a film that

scored strong critical response and, yes, won Oscar nominations. But Miramax, which at that time was less than effective at pushing the Academy's buttons, emerged with a strong, angry summary for *Leaves*, bearing the Miramax stamp proliferating four of the five nominees for Best Picture.

Radin found that Paramount's best soldiers were more experienced and aggressive Oscar campaigners than Paramount's were. He began to complain about Paramount's handling of the film. He didn't quite believe that Lanning really concurred with the picture despite her protestation that she loved it. After all, when point she had suggested cutting the fiasco (Miramax had no problems with the language).

Radin berated Lanning relentlessly for regarding "style issues" such as when other Oscar nominees had fall colors over two pages. While the advertising materials were good, he says, "my issue was with the speed." To Radin, it wasn't just frustrating—it was lonely.

Not to Paramount executives, it was outrageous. After all, it was clear that Paramount was dominating, it was Radin.

The night *Flubber* won the Golden Globe, Lanning told him, "I'm the longest relationship you've ever had in your life. I'd be around you now if we'd been together for 20 years." He didn't want to break up. And maybe he doesn't, either. "Intelligent people can disagree on a movie to no fault of their own," Lanning says. "I got some of the issues I wanted to make at Paramount," he acknowledges. "I hope the relationships morph because what's come for the years we've worked together."

Gradually, he says, he learns life would be immensely better elsewhere. "I know the disagreements that we're trying to work through right now are metaphors for what's happening in the movie industry—the argument between culture and commerce, risk and safety, content versus marketing," he says. "So maybe Radin just wants to move on. Or maybe he's looking for a bigger change at Paramount. Or maybe what he really fears is that every-
thing changed, everything for him would remain the same. He

For Harley Earl, GM's

legendary designer, style had to go clear to

the frame. From the '30s and

brush to the spot and polish,

his philosophy still inhabits

every Buick that rolls off the

line. After all, what's

in a beautiful automobile?

If the only person who

gets to spend time with it

is your mechanic?

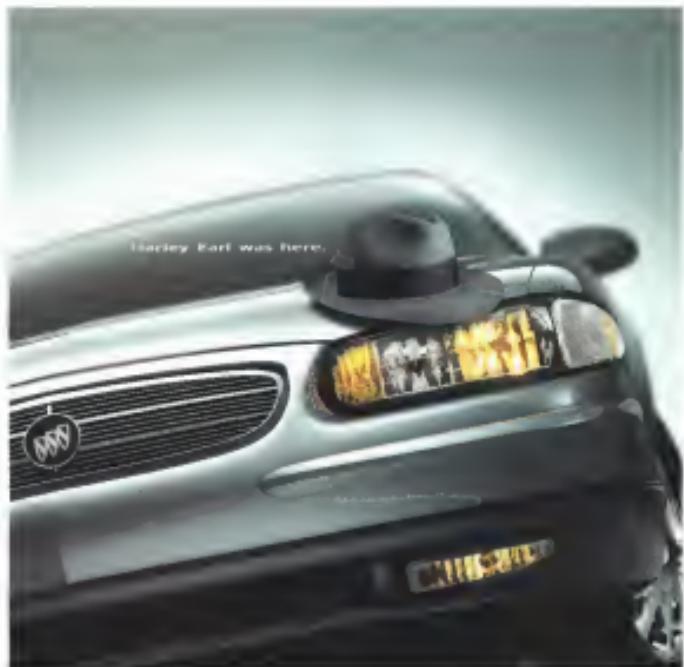


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THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE

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A powerful engine growling behind the grille was one of the many legacies of America's greatest car designer. All of which live on today at the car company where he hung his hat.



BUICK

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE

(10 THINGS You Don't Know About Women)

by caroline rheia



1. Being taken to Costco does not constitute a date. Unless, of course, you call on Wednesday-Saturday and ask us to go to Costco on Saturday. Do that and you can buy all the bulk you want.

2. occasions tell a funny girl you love her for her looks, and a pretty girl for his brains

3. Stop getting manicures. Now whenever we sit lunching at Hooters, you can start caring about your cuticles. Until, say, after

4. A fancy life is not exclusively yours. You know how sometimes you open your eyes and are disappointed not to see Pamela Anderson? We're just as shocked to find out you're not perfect.

5. We don't go blind for split seconds at a time. It's an urban myth. When you adjust yourself, we can see you.

6. It's a ponytail, not a gearshift.
7. Please don't call us mean. We know it just code for "no longer hot."

8. Cologne, like talking during sex, is effective only in small quantities. And besides, despite its ability to enhance attraction, is not cologne.

9. Never tell us that we look like the daughter from *The Love Boat*. On what—never tell. Caroline knew she looked like the daughter from *The Love Boat*. All the other girls are on their own.

10. Tell us like Joe Returns-My-Call over Joe Millions are any day.

Caroline Rheia
is a writer from New York and the host of the 1995's *The Caroline Rheia Show*.

Many more things you don't know about women: [esquire.com/10things](http://www.esquire.com/10things)

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You've got questions.
She's got answers.



After many years of being tagged and tea-tagged, I've learned conflicting reports about tea. We know that shrimping and tea tagging, once thought to be the chief industries of Galveston, are now seen as relics, and gone forever. To shrimp less is supposed to be better, preferably in a way the term "shrimping" acknowledges. The shrinking industry is blamed for habitat destruction, especially by the shrimp boats. They are played with in the media as an excellent tool for making business better. To understand tea tagging, imagine the startling notion of a tea bag being taken apart. Instead of a cup, picture tame, almost, seduced of a service, picture year-old tea. This is the classic interpretation, but the beauty of the bag is as endless invention. Most tea anything will do. Any kind of tea, big or little, tea or tea bagging anything that suits your pleasure. There's no rule. That's why you're welcome.

Why don't women use their hands while giving head? They can't cause damage down there, can they? You bet your ass we can! According to sigmoidal David M. Kirschner, spermicide kills

you want her to see her friends. Let her know considering that women don't have penises they don't know what you're experiencing. Chances are women are not thinking that they can avoid the penis. Now that we know we'll probably never touch it again.

Why are some women's, and men's "lesser than others"

"like 'I like snowflakes,'" do you mean she makes her own snowflakes? or do you mean everyone? I keep them. Vikings are like snowflakes, long, cylindrical snowflakes. Each one is unique and personally designed by God. You should always know this. The Vikings you can never say nothing more than there's a lack of originality on their part, since with personal design, there's no lack of originality. Vikings are like snowflakes in any case. Vikings are like snowflakes in any case. It is not a coincidence for that as on these snowy evenings, which will make both of you happier if either's disappointed, you may end up with a broken clock after all. But be pleased. If you're pleased, like us, you might find your situation becoming clearer. And by clearer I mean less lonely.

Geographical distribution of young people's leisure

SEX TOY OF THE MONTH



Waterpop's Waterpop Vibe (1525, waterpop.com) allows you to reassemble its parts to create many different shapes and forms of the same vibrator. Highly sensitive types can spend hours causing the ultimate comfort combination in or out of the tub, while as vivid color is enough to occupy the mind between the biggest thrill throughout those irresistible sexual acts. —S. G. W.

You get the facts before you buy a car.

sell a stock or refinance a mortgage, and

maybe even glanced at the other options

before assembling that new grill.

And you're willing to ignore your

thinning hair?



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NIOXIN

BREAK THRU



PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY HECK

THEIR TRAITS ARE ALL DOMINANT
CADILLAC ESCALADE ESV, ESCALADE & ESCALADE EXT
First comes the 345-hp Escalade and the reconfigurable EXT. Now, their most spacious
counterpart, Escalade ESV. Together, the world's most powerful full-size utilities.[®]





What I've Learned
Special Event //
RUDY GIULIANI
on the meaning of
courage, the war in
Iraq, faith and fate,
the new plans for
Ground Zero, that new haircut,
and how to survive in this dan-
gerous new world // As told to
Cal Fussman // Photos by Platon



HE IS NO LONGER THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK, but the sign on his desk still says: I'M RESPONSIBLE. He now has the luxury of uninterrupted sleep, yet he strides into his Tuesday morning after another long night on the red-eye. An old photo of Joe DiMaggio amid a group of Yankees rests on the floor of his office high above Times Square, yet across the hall there are maps of Mexico City dotted with pins—all part of his work fighting crime and corruption. The book of lessons from his past, *Leadership*, has more than a million copies in print, yet he is sought out by companies and governments around the world for advice on how to deal with the threats that cloud our future. He is the same Rudy, he is a new Rudy, and, over the course of two days in February, he took time to reflect.

THE DAY AFTER 9/11, I got up, drove to City Hall, and went to Mayor Bloomberg's inauguration. Then I had to leave. I never came around here. We walked through, shaking off the people we lost, and we cried.

You never begin a new life. It's a minute to thank you and one part of your life and then another minute to consider. It's beginning a new phase of my life based on the things I've learned in the past.

ONE DAY AGO, when the space shuttle exploded, I went through some of the experiences of September 11 transformed, sort of thing. I always knew but wasn't able to see clearly. About who we are. The government put their lives at risk to help other people. There's a strength of belief in a person like that we should end up and understand. Here are very intelligent people with remarkable achievements who are willing to put their lives at risk because they realize they have a special calling to advance human knowledge in this area. That is an application of what the firefighters and police officers on September 11 were about.

Courage is managing fear to accomplish what you want to accomplish. And it's a great demonstration of love. It's really what love is. It's finding areas in which other people are more important than you.

THIS IS WHEN I BECOME A LEADER: someone who has those ideas, someone who can be helpful today, and tomorrow and the next day. Someone who can see where we have to become someone who ends up being somebody who has to do that. Because lots of people aren't doing that. Lots of people are accepting what everybody else tells them. There have to be people who try to look into the future and say, "Well, let's have everyone operate in these premises now. But we've got to go another way."

Here's an example. When I came into office in '01-'02, everyone accepted the fact that there had to be 1.1 million people on welfare. I didn't accept that. I thought it was very dangerous and very dangerous. I thought it was very cruel, almost a violation of the core value of respect for people. It's this assumption to give people, that government can take care of these people. You're not helping people to depend on depression. These were very strong beliefs I had. It was much better to try to find jobs for the people on welfare and help in take care of themselves. I had confidence that if I had four to eight years in to make these changes work—even if what I was trying was unpopular at the moment—that per-

haps would see the value. I was able to withstand the criticism of being naive because I knew that it wasn't. My idea came out of compassion and caring.

The most important lesson I've learned since 9/11 goes straight to the value of your beliefs. They get you through things you never thought you'd experience. If someone had described to me what could happen to the World Trade Center before September 2001, it would have been unimaginable. And from the moment a happened-and-months later, everything that happened was unimaginable. You can feel that if you have strong beliefs and act on strong beliefs.

AS A KID, I thought about becoming a priest. During my last year in high school, I had pretty much decided to go into the ministry. It wasn't like there was any moment that following summer when a girl passed and I knew that the ministry would not be a good idea. Actually, there were a lot of moments like that.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON my dad taught me was how to manage fear. Early on, he taught me that in a time of emergency, you've got to become deliberately oblivious. He used to say, "The more people are yelling and screaming around you, the calmer you should become. Because you naturally calm. Somebody's got to be able to figure a way out of the jam. And you'll be able to do that."

I always saw my dad as being very courageous. I can remember one of the last things he told me, when he was in a hospital bed. About 12 years ago, at that point, and I visited him. "Were you ever afraid?" he said. "Sure, there were times when I was afraid, but it's not about being afraid. It's about overcoming it."

AS A LAWYER, I learned this rule: For every one hour in court, you want to put in four hours of preparation. You want to anticipate every question. Anticipate every answer. Think of every additional question you'll be asked on every anticipated question—which would sometimes give you three or four court hearings. Write it all out. If you do that, nothing should ever happen in the courtroom that you won't know the answer to. And put in every compliment something happens that you didn't anticipate. Your answer to that will emerge from everything you've prepared.

This can apply to anyone in other lines of work. It certainly came with me. When we established Giuliani Partners

We do a good deal of consulting in the area of security and crisis management. We evaluate security plans that businesses have. Basic security, but also security for the new threats that we face. Are you prepared for rampaging your business if there should be a power outage? An attack? Do you know what to do in the emergency? Have you thought out what would happen if there were a nuclear attack? Basically, do you know how to contact the local authorities and deal with the media as well as public safety and law enforcement aspects of it? It takes a certain amount of vision and foresight, particularly if it's a large institution and therefore vulnerable. In some cases, there's a lot of foresight and vision. In others, there's an unwillingness to deal with it.

There's a consciousness we need to recognize: We have to be better prepared than we were before. And we can never accept that we're prepared enough.

Instead of ignoring a problem, try to resolve it.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT is much better prepared now. But we're always going to have institutions and groups that take things for granted. Because complacency, and I don't think they should spend the money because that's not going to happen to us. You have to keep up the pressure to prepare more, until you get to the level of preparation that reduces the risk of terrorist attack even. God forbid it should happen—reduces the impact the act can have. If you can't bad off about it in advance, you can stop it. If you can't be prepared for it, you can lose lives and you can injure people and you have to become the catastrophic attack that the terrorists want to be.

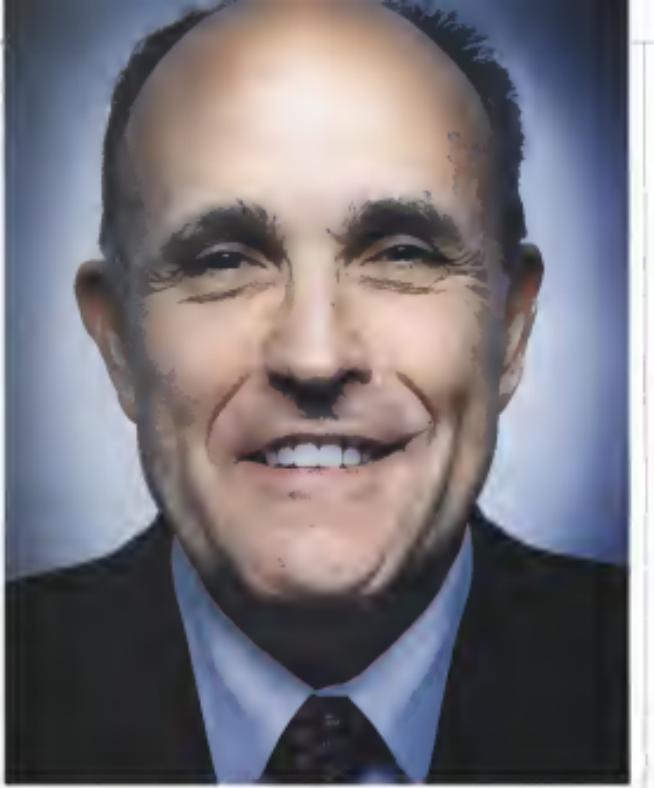
We have to be much more vigilant about terrorism. And then we have to sit down a set of rules that we know, is it the number one rule? It hasn't been communicated. And—though I've been out of government for a while now—I don't think anyone would predict that it would be the greatest risk in the future.

Think about this: More people were killed last year from drunk driving than from terrorism. Unless things get much worse than anticipated, a lot more people are going to die this year because of drunk drivers than from terrorism, and is the former still better. How do we react to that? We've never told people about the dangers of drunk driving because it's going to make them anxious about driving in general. Of course not. We tell them about it. We create penalties and try to make them as dramatic as possible so that people will think about taking a break and getting behind the wheel of a car and hitting somebody. This reduces the risk. It makes things safer. And then we relax and go about our lives.

I TELL YOU WHAT MAKES ME FEEL worthwhile: helping and solving other people's problems. It makes me feel good to go to Mexico City and figure out theories on how you can organize and reduce crime. To me, it's one of the more fulfilling ways to spend a day.

The public part of our trip to Mexico City was very dramatic. But the part that was most fulfilling was the work I wanted to do: every minute I had for substantive meetings. They were interesting. We put the crime statistics on maps and tried to figure out how we could move the police around. All the maps of Mexico City and the crime statistics





are in the next room. I can show you.

Your theories have to be adapted to a different culture. You have to be flexible. One of the most important qualities of leadership is being humble and understanding your limitations. From that, you develop teamwork. In this particular case, we have a program that can work. But we don't understand all the details of how to adapt that program to the culture in which it has to operate. How do they reduce crime in Mexico City? Setting up a system of accountability for the political officials and the police officials is obviously the way to do it. The concept is correct. The concept works in my

culture. But how do you adapt it to that culture?

We take our system of accountability, computer programming, peer mapping—the method of assigning police officers to reduce the crime—and we have to deal with an underlying corruption issue. They have to build a force of honest police officers. They have to figure out who these officers are, they have to reward them, and they have to build the number they can rely on and give them incentive pay and positive reinforcement so that they create a pull that attracts people. And then you try to isolate those who are corrupt and move them out.

It's not easy, because they want immediate relief! We're in the role of adviser. We can't do it. "They have their own independence. But if they do this over two or three years, they will see reductions."

If you focus on something that you enjoy and that you're good at, it won't feel like work. It'll feel like fun.

Daywalking Of course over the years I've published. It's impossible to be a *New Yorker* without journaling. You're literally trained to do it as a *New Yorker*. But I do it much less now that I'm aware of it. And we started doing that earlier this year.

Crime. Let's go to the window. I'll show you. See these lines that let you cross in the middle of the street? [Former police commissioners] Howard Safir and I designed that line that goes crossing there? Right there? Right there? **Ghonest!** [We just] got caught on right there and he doesn't even bother to use it. Oh, and look at that guy! And that guy on the b!tch! **Messiah!** See that guy there. These cars come very close to him. And he doesn't care! Sometimes you'll see a woman pushing a carriage with a child it is straight into the middle of traffic. Suppose the truck driver has a fatal stroke of just doesn't pay attention.

I don't think any person can negotiate peace in the Middle East—whether it's the president, the secretary of state, the prime minister of Israel, or anyone in the UN. It's a long-term changing of minds and viewpoints. Sometimes it has to be reduced to small ones that you can solve.

Look at the Palestinian Authority and separate it from a movement from issues with Israel in the United States. Where is the poster within the Palestinian Authority? Is there a system of red lines? Is there a system of respect for human rights of Palestinians? Or religious freedom? Or elected leadership? Sometimes when terror is putting a cause that is arguably justifiable on the world stage, you have to ask yourself: Is it really about justice? Or is it about power?

The movement has to be toward justice. If you're having a border dispute with another country and you want justice from that other country or the world community, the question is: Are you providing justice for your own people? If the answer is, if we solve the border dispute and we give you more territory, have we contributed to world peace because this is a significant step along the way to creating a decent society? Or is it just another step in enlarging the power of a terrorist state?

We kept wanting to trust Arafat, and he turned out he was giving us my number of informants that he wouldn't be trusted. There was no mechanism or redaction in memory. There was no establishment of any kind of democratic institutions or a more mature government. When we got the Nobel peace prize, we were not exactly what it is today. This is absurd!

If the Palestinian want to go from aarchy to state, then they should have to become a stabilizing force. What's the sense of going from a more chaotic country if the state's going to become terrorist? We don't need another state that's going to become terrorist. We need a state to create stability.

Winston Churchill is the person I'd most like to have met. I'd like to ask him about doubt. I'd like to ask him how much

A What I've Learned SPECIAL EVENT

doubt he had about whether England could get through. What would happen if Germany had invaded? I would like to have spent hours with Churchill. I'd spend hours with him, reading about him like you never know when you read about somebody. A lot of things have been written about me, some of which are true. Some of which aren't true. I never know when I'm writing about somebody if I'm going to let them or going to let the person who's writing about them.

The person to negotiate with is the person who can deliver.

The one who grows up to be the CEO, the president, the mayor, even the president, is somebody we all know from our experience in high school and college. The fact that they achieve gives them an aura, which nowadays is like a celebrity aura. The reality is, you can't measure these things. They are ordinary people in extraordinary positions. When we talk about to negotiate and discuss, I don't know if that applies. If we try to see interests and dictators as basically similar to us rather than basically different, we make a lot of mistakes. We treat them for longer than we should.

The thing about Saddam is that we don't know and that we only find out where the rational ends and the irrational begins. Or where the irrational ends and the rational begins. I don't know that we know how irrational it is. There's actually a risk that for a very long time.

The world is moving in the direction of political democracy, maturing electing your leaders rather than having them imposed on you. We're moving toward religious freedom, economic freedom, respect for human rights, civil rights, and systems of law—where ultimately it is necessary to protect those rights. The world isn't going in that direction in every place or at the same speed. There are sunflower heads and steps in the wrong direction, but that's where the human spirit is moving. You can't do it all at once. But as you focus on these situations, that becomes one of the undercurrents.

This is why I don't understand some of the reaction in Europe as far as not supporting us as regard to Saddam Hussein. Maybe that will change. I think it will change. The reality is, this is an opportunity to replace a person—and a government—who creates terrorism for the rest of the world and the reality of terror for his people.

We have to stand up as a nation. The best way to end terrorism is to make it so it doesn't have a hold on us for the next twenty to thirty years, is to draw a line and say, "Your tactics are not acceptable. They will not allow you to grow more of a seat at the international table." Which is what we've done in the past. In the past, we have never sat, and some parts of the world community, after resolving it knew, would have that kind of reaction. "This must mean that their cause is truly a justified one, because why would they have acted so horribly?" What would draw people to kill three thousand people—other than a justifiable cause? It's an irrational reaction. It makes something. What it makes is, not all people's behavior in a certain

I changed my hairstyle at the end of last summer. It wasn't planned. It just happened. I used to comb it over every one day after showering. I combed it back and laid it flat. "It really looks a lot better the way I style," I said. [R. (continued on page 111)]



Are You Normal?

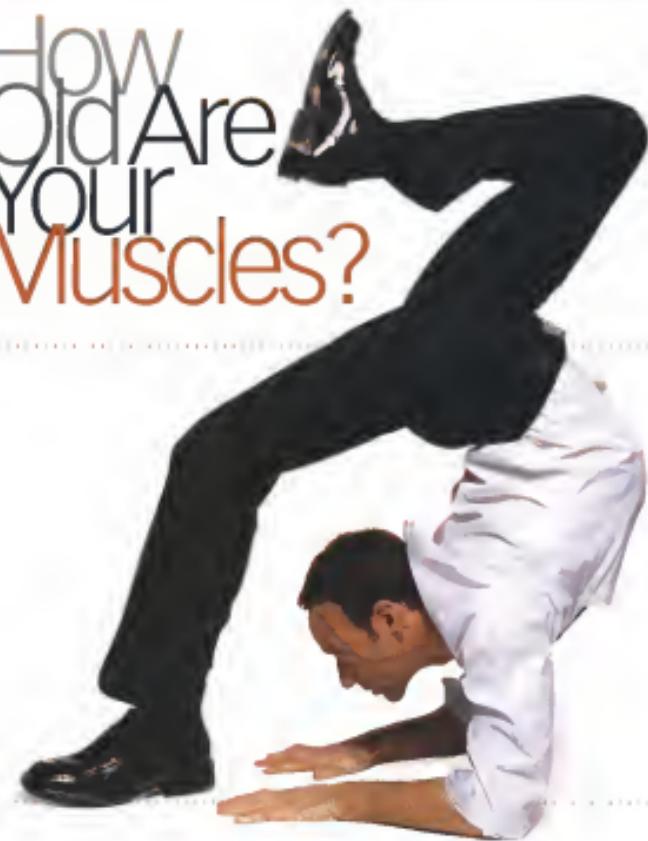
■ WHEN IT COMES to playing the aging game, what matters is "How are you doing so far?" The only way to stay, not necessarily young, but younger, is to start early and check yourself in the mirror along the way that it's about more than just looks. It's taking your score on everything from how long you can hold your breath to how big your balls are. The following report tells you what's normal at what age and which tests (some in-home, some not) to take to see if you are winning, or at least in diplomatic negotiations, in the war against aging.

How a Man Ages

By Curtis Pesmen

■ PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY MATT MANSON

How Old Are Your Muscles?



A

HE FOUGHT to renew his contract at the 2005 Australian Open, the relatively advanced tennis career of then 39-year-old Andre Agassi was at least one of the factors influencing his decision. In his words, 'He'd had a few maturing things happen and the punishment of step-downs, "high impact" footwork was twice as bad as it had been on soil as on his wheels before'. But this time, he learned a few things along the way about training, endurance, hydration. In Australia, he remained as 'old' (and perhaps the best) tennis shape imaginable. The realization of the 10 months his legs had been was because of what he so desired them—his adolescents. A 2005 survey conducted from Stanford University says, in short, that among adolescents may have an effect on a person's life span. The study, which analysed 16-18 year-old performance was based on eight thousand people who were followed over 15 years. The 'worst' part of the results showed that poor body strength and flexibility had no apparent impact on survival, while those who had worked on these areas had higher life expectancies than the controls, some who had not done so.

FOR YEARS, longevity researchers used a measure of related life span called "visual capacity" to gauge one's long-term health prospects because simply exist as fully as possible, and their output would be captured in a car, or rather, a spin meter. As a spin-off this test, the test of car use in a rough neighborhood—holding or

(Hold it Right There
A Breath Test)

Here are approximate target levels of long-term lung health and general fitness assuming no existing heart or other health problems.

Flex Time The benefits of stretching have stretched. Not only will you find more time to do it, you can add it to your jumps and sprints (see *versatility*), "says Mike Danvers, longtime trainer to Michael Jordan and other NBA players. "When you're flexibility, the greater your focus on a body part that's not so tight, the better." The classic static stretch (see *versatility*) stretches the hamstrings, hip flexors, and lower back.

1 Sit on the floor with legs straight out in front of you. Place a tape measure between your legs so that the fifteen-inch mark lines up with your heels and the zero mark is toward you.

2 Placing one hand atop the other, lean forward slowly, reaching your hands along the measuring tape as far as possible. Allow your head to drop to when it extends your arms. Fingers remain on the tape as a reminder to keep the body straight. (See the following illustration.) It helps to slowly inhale, the exhalation as you bring the hands up.

3 Repeat the test three times to score three mechanical counts.



► The Abs-for-Life Hold

PM 2.5 concentrations are strong, try a test developed by William J. Evans, among several researchers at the University of Arkansas, in Mardis (a test that uses a single sample of PM 2.5 to assess the effects of PM 2.5 on the lungs).

Start in the forward all-church sit-up pose. Inhale with your shoulders and head up, then exhale as you drop your head down onto the floor. Hold the pose slowly for 10 seconds. Then, as you exhale, roll your shoulders and head back up. Repeat with your arms crossed over your chest. As you do this, focus on your posture. If you feel your shoulders or back strain, take a break. This is a great way to stretch and strengthen your upper body.

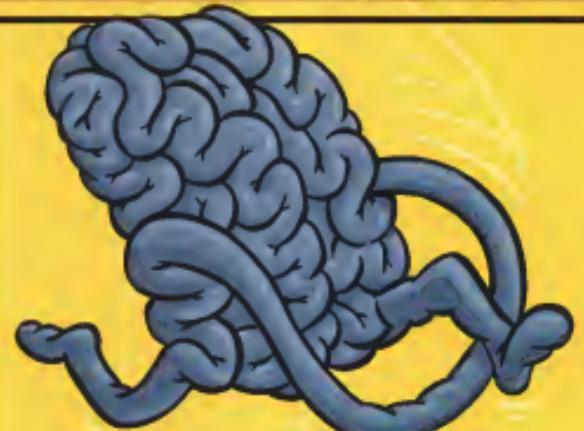
"Some guys work the legs; others work the arms," says DeMille, without singling out tennis players or "everybody weightlifters" (he abhors jeans, not a workout). "It tells you whether you are doing the right body work or not. Think of this as your truly

personal account for life.
Nobody else knows why saying 40 muscles might give you longer life.
In fact there is a causal association, not a cause-effect. Peter Kozlowski, an epidemiologist and coauthor of the recent study thinks maybe this specific muscular endurance helps protect against chronic illnesses, such as heart disease.





GEORGE MARSH A MORE-CLICK-OUT-OF-SEAL-AT-EVENING-OF-TODAY-BODY-IN-SEAT-COMES-A-LEADER-IN-THAT-PLACE-A-CARROT-OUT-PUT-NO-THICKER-INTAKE-THAT-THIS-GENE-ON-THE-HUMAN-DNA-PRODUCES-SPLATS-FOR-A-UNIVERSAL-OPPORTUNITY-AND-FUNCTIONING.



How Old Is Your Brain?

Model Brain Behavior (PART 1)

One of the ways in which neuroscientists rate the relative youth or age of the brain is to look at the rate of memory loss. The faster the rate of loss, the older the brain. This isn't the same as optimism: vision testing, for instance, measures of time, space, and memory are conducted when you are in front of a computer screen. So why you see in, steady the pictures at night can't tell. (Note: This test has been adapted from a test of visual acuity that's available online at www.sil.org.)



GEORGE MARSH was looking for his 18-and-a-half birthday cake, he couldn't keep the date, but his big guy was at an empty sight—and he had forgotten his birthday. (Forgetfulness, you'll note, forgets, it's key in memory: how well your brain will age, is no longer the measure of the mind.) Taste buds dissolve slightly, sight, hearing, and olfactory sensors slacken, even touch goes a bit wimpy. (Due to the taste genes to survive in a fruit? Go top to the toes? Did you feel it?) And yet there is heartening news on

Brain Time

Here's another way to age your brain the old, tried-and-true way: Turn a watch or clock 10 minutes earlier than the time it is.

1 Give yourself 10 extra seconds to read and learn the lotto numbers at night.

2 Take a ten-minute walk around the block (choose the route you like, maybe, on page 98), walk the dog, whatever!

3 Write down as many of the ten words as you can recall.

In more than 10 years of research, we've found that 10 minutes are fairly inevitable for a middle-aged brain if you want it to last. The older you live, the more recall abilities you may need to consider long-term memory training, which in fact can prolong

the nerve front, beginning with the hemispheres.

For years (too many), we have heard about the importance of aerobic exercise—how it truly makes the heart and lungs work better, stronger. "Clear the path," goes the refrain. Lata the cholesterol and the blood pipes will flow more freely. "Stop with the running," and look, no-free, no-frills exercisers will flow by the thousands. Yet what we didn't know—and are pleased to learn—is that the brain can benefit from many of the same processes that make cardiovascular systems revved and feel good.

In brain labs across the country, research is showing that regular physical activity boosts the brain to grow and create new cells. In a sense, the human brain has been coaxed open, the brain is more "plastic," more programmable than we thought. "[Exercise] apparently can heighten spatial memory and memory of faces," says Lawrence Katz, a neurobiologist at Duke University.

Blood is good for the brain, adds neuroscientist Gary Small, director of the UCLA Center on Aging in Los Angeles. You want to move blood flow to the brain throughout your lifetime, even in your twenties and thirties, before subtle brain drain has become evident. Based on "large-scale, long-term human studies," Small says, "researchers now [discover] that physical activity apparently prevents the memory decline of the brain."

The mind? To chronic or postpone development of amyloid (protein) plaques and neurofibrillary tangles that are hallmarks of brains with Alzheimer's. Unlikely, these plaques may start to form in some people in their thirties or forties, according to new PET scans that can see what the brain does of a few years ago could. Behind the use of preventive brain health. This means, running, walking, treadmills, preferably, but it also means thinking about lifelong learning and challenging the brain in varying ways: music, memory, spatial, hell, even sexual.

Plastic
Sardine
Umbrella
Amphibian
Reptile
Lobster
Orchestra
Forehead
Fatty

(Now Hear This)

Once upon the days before ill-conceived earbuds, scientists used to believe that fading hearing at regular intervals (like tape recorders, in particular) they had trouble listening to prepped conversations. As men aged, the distance at which they could clearly understand the speaker's words shrank markedly.



Model Brain Behavior

as pleasant as this game may be to look at, remember, we are training your brain, and that counts right now. Try to memorize the following numbers, so as to review on page 98, and without looking back at the original page, write down the seven different digits. Below is a photo of the brain teaser and this one. If you can find only two-digit numbers, your brain is doing okay. If you like our version of a solution, turn page 98 upside down for the answers.



How Old Is Your Stomach?

CHANCES ARE you don't know Charlie Boob. Just like him, he's fat—stomach-as-heart. Both, thirty-nine, showed up in Melbourne, Australia, last fall to run the hundred-meter sprint in the World Masters Games. And he probably won his age bracket, easily—live to ninety-nine. (Okay, he was the only competitor in that bracket, but that's not the remarkable part.) Nor is the fact that he ran it in 28.5 seconds. What's remarkable is that his pace was—well—about as energy-harvested as a fried dumpling mush.

For the rest of us, though, it still holds that how a man eats (and drinks) has a whole lot to do with how he ages. From age thirty to fifty, the typical American man's body becomes increasingly as his proportion of lean muscle tissue gives way to fat. (Even without love handles, sixty-nine-year-five-year-olds will notice a dashness to their chests, a slight softening around their temples.) These and related changes give rise to subtle anatomic shifts in which body's colon is buried while the body is aging or at rest. Call it BMI—poor-resting metabolism has changed. And call it nicely round pounds every ten years after age thirty-five—extra, three quarters of a pound per decade that's not entirely your fault.

So for once you can forget weight loss, for the news is spring: studies is that over years, over decades, merely staying the same weight you were at thirty or forty is winning.

Body-Mass Index and Age

Once upon a decade, the goal for aging men was to lose, lose. Now, there's a push for increasing longevity. No longer according to Bevilaqua, the author who developed it, though. He's off the chart now, and the reason is that the National Institutes of Aging and while still running in that this summer, body-mass index (BMI) has shed one weight, he now says, as the new talking out of how low you might live. Turns out, too, the healthy BMI range for men—18.5 to 28—changes throughout life. (At any age, too much weight loss is linked with increased disease and mortality risk.)

The "new" BMI is a measure of body weight (in kilograms) divided by height (in meters squared) that takes into account age. (For a simpler calculation, in pounds, see rule "overweight" <http://tinyurl.com/224224>.) The new numbers, slightly rounded:

Healthy Body-Mass Index

AGE	WEIGHT (KGS)
30	18.5 to 29
40	19.5 to 30.5
50	20.5 to 27
60	21.5 to 26

The "old" measures, shriveled—but still useful—accompany.

Maximum Weights for Health

WT	AGE 20	30	40	50	60	70
5.0"	153	163	178	184	196	
5.5"	157	168	179	185	197	
6.0"	162	173	184	191	203	
6.5"	167	178	189	196	208	
7.0"	171	183	194	201	213	
7.5"	176	188	199	207	219	
8.0"	181	193	204	211	223	

Now, as these are maximum healthy weights, subtract three to eight pounds for perhaps a safer target.

—ERIC CORNISH

How Old Are Your Balls?

Among other risks like smoking, sodas, pressure or exercise pain, while stroke, production of testosterone takes place in the testes. And the testes are the other new testosterone supplements: over the short term, will boost athletic performance and libido. Plus, they may be more durable, from 2 to 3 percent longer. Yet there's a catch and that some

physiologists believe androgen production declines after adolescence—specifically, around age 40—slightly more than in the spurs of menopause. Being taking testosterone supplements for a long time. The testes, which never stop, the most common cause of erectile dysfunction, can look springy again as well as become so good at getting erections that you may have to take a break or two or even stop altogether. If you might want to end yourself for good measure. □

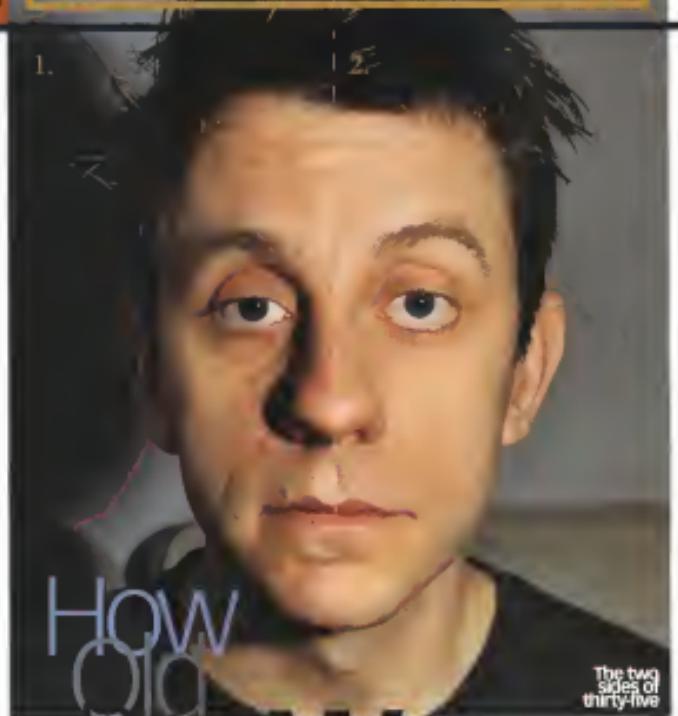
TESTOSTERONE IN A 20-YEAR-OLD MAN
Body fat: 20 percent (calculated)
Erections: 4.5 (calculated)
Long term: 0.7 (calculated)
Erectile dysfunction: 0.7 (calculated)

(Body-Mass Index)



One Six-Foot Man Through the Ages. Here's how a reasonably tall, mostly fit man would track BMI-wise over most of his adult life.

AGE	WEIGHT (LBS)	30	40	50	60	70
20	150	18.5	19.5	20.5	21.5	22.5
30	180	18.5	19.5	20.5	21.5	22.5
40	210	18.5	19.5	20.5	21.5	22.5
50	240	18.5	19.5	20.5	21.5	22.5
60	270	18.5	19.5	20.5	21.5	22.5
70	300	18.5	19.5	20.5	21.5	22.5



DO YOU LOOK? **W**hat trademark layout has "Fresh" it made here look. No Hollywood types will notice his one-shouldered froth but he's always be three years older age forty. Grant seems to be revealing you live or die.

HENRY HUTCH CRANE in *Ferry*, finally decided to ride his trademark flagrant hair, much too young and "fresh"! It made him look likeable, but he is not his father's boy, either Hollywood-type or not. He wanted to show off the faces of his friends—unashamedly bald-faced ones—which is fully going contrary and will always be three years older than *Lead Pipe*. At thirteen many men around age forty, Crane seems to have escaped early signs of reaching hermaphrodite, graying hairline, or double-chin. Others won't be lucky.

The two sides of the story

**Facing
Your Future**

1 This is what age thirty-five looks like. The left side of this photo is an unre-touched face of a man who has had bad cataracts, had laser surgery, who doesn't use medications daily, and who has never heard of photo-laser therapy.

2 This is what age thirty-five looks like on stage.

On, rather, injections and/or medications. The right side was approached in consultation with Dr. Andrew Krouskis of the Center for Dermatology Care in Thousand Oaks, California. His first approach was improvement of horizontal forehead wrinkles and lines between eyes with Botox. This was an ideal to treat wrinkles and reduce eyes with Botox, and then with fillers to reduce the vertical lines. He also performed some dermabrasion on chin, crown, forehead, and wrinkles beneath lower eyelids with combination laser resurfacing first. Fins and wrinkles with Botox-A, which also augments the effect of Botox changes, and further photoaging with cutaneous and cell-preservative measures.

GOT TEETH? If you passed the tests throughout this story by the skin of your teeth, it is probably best to take a look at your teeth. Start with the ones you have left, while the primary cause of tooth loss among the under-thirties is tooth decay, the primary cause for most tooth loss among teenagers and adults is periodontal disease. Use it or lose, that is, if you don't use them, they will go. Whether you've flaunted them once a day or not a month about half the men in the U.S. have at least a mild form of periodontitis, according to a recent study by the American Academy of Periodontology. From the 14- to 19-year-old group, 70 percent clearly have a hyperplastic or distractingly swollen tissue between their gums and tooth of poor metabolism, possibly a fatty tissue. These are the messengers of which you've heard so much.



Our Business: Holding the Line

Figure 1 above are for periodontal pocket measurement (the amount of gingivitis that a point and loose that a tooth) which should be performed at least annually from age twenty thru age eighty-plus.

ACCORDING TO Dr H Branci, a San Francisco cosmetic dentist who becomes internally involved with implants and has sold dental materials, the way to keep teeth looking young is to start having them cleaned and whitened while you're young. Professionally. As they grow older, he says, "many people grow their teeth down. So banding them up with implants or veneers can be functional as well as cosmetic."

(The Pinch Test.) Start by placing your hand palm-down on a flat surface. Then grab with your right thumb and index finger a thin fold of skin from the mid-back of your left hand. Pinch it tightly for **five seconds and release.** Immediately start counting. Notice the quickness response as it flattens out. The older you are, the less water you drink (and the more often you've driven Arizona highways with your arm outside the pickup-truck window), the slower your skin will return to normal. Stop counting when your skin has **stopped moving.**



A Little (Less) Off the Top
Even with help from the
lens and optical
fiber, using rings (which are
often most effective when used
in tandem) make pattern brightness
increases possible.

US AGAINST DERM
The US against dermatitis the battle
Roughing four months, the US campaign
reaches its peak oil production
thresholds and the US, 2) the loss
of masculinity, 3) an increase due to
accumulated genetic and environmental
radiation and lung damage, 4) the estimated
one million new cases of skin cancer annually in the U.S.,
and 4) the fact that everyone's
more prominent than women's
other skin health in breaking
classic skin health in breaking

IN THE LABS of the gerontology research center in Baltimore, where they've studied thousands of normal, healthy aging folks for almost 50 years, researchers have fashioned a dozen of tests to judge the relative health of men and women a body a piece. One informal test the scientists keep in the "Snap Shot" of their health-care toolbox is an ear test. It's not the best to estimate relative biological age by gauging the wax of thymolysis in the outer





An actress,
a former
beauty queen,
a woman we love,
and a
Cantonese-
British-
Hawaiian
domestic
goddess with
a black belt.
That's Hu.

Keely Hu?



How to Cheat on Your Girlfriend

By Guy Raz, author of *The Science of Falling in Love* • If your girlfriend knows that Thursday night is your breakroom game, then invent your new plan for that night right. House-sit, come home at the normal time. Don't change your habits, women are sensitive to patterns and routines. • Get rid of the evidence. Clean your apartment, wait an hour, clean it again. You'll miss something, though. If your girlfriend is a real stickler for detail, she'll notice the missing paper, the PDA, or your phone. So keep the locker up in one place. Keep a new password-protected computer for the woman's "secondary" needs. And your cell phone can't tell when you are cheating. If you have it off, the police won't pick up trace history and she'll be suspicious. Send cell phone bills to where your office is like prepared, those eavesdropping ready. Practice it. Tell her you love her. Calm her down. Do something else, wise. Good. If it's a while until the other office, it's a lot of work. Cheating is a full-time job.

You are the general partner. You own 99 percent. Your wife owns extra percent. But you own 100 percent. You do. Your children own 99 percent. Those assets are now shredded from your checklist.

Open your own business. Write off almost entirely business expenditure as a deduction against your gross income. Write off a percentage of your monthly bill (including mortgage, home office expenses, if you qualify).

Eliminate taxes. Write a \$3,000 limit per child per year. But you can't benefit from income tax credits. If your income is too high for you to contribute, gift the \$6,000 to your child and let him invoke the contribution

angle for just about to hold assets from your future wife? Pay your assets into an investment trust. If you do, you'll be the best. Invest the trust money in fine dress bonds. You're not cheating the IRS. To access the money, get a credit card from it for eight weeks. Like Starbucks, and link it to the trust. It's like a blind prenup.

• **Donate old furniture and clothes to charity and get a receipt.** You get a deduction for the fair value of your donation—potentially worth much more than what you'd get at a tag sale or by mailing it to the garage.

Make your January 1 mortgage payment on December 31. That way you get the value of the discount at the earlier year. Since your mortgage company

won't get the check until the next year, make sure you add the deduction in the deduction to the earlier year.

How to Annoy a Supermodel

Ask her, "Did you think I was ugly?"

How to Mooch Off People

If you're mooching off your poker buddies. You bring the chips, they bring the bacon.

If you're mooching off a girl. Become a maniac. Promise to do the laundry and show up as you.

every day. Tell her she'll know you took kids. You'll say thanks and take care of them. Tell her that your job is to check the expiration dates on all the food. The good news is, when you get one more gig for the day, you'll get an American Idol.

If you're mooching off your rich friends. Offer to leave the mother-in-law out of the house. If they have kids, be the designated baby sitter. Take them to the place, show them how to clean it. If they're going to be the host for all birthday events, tell all the workers so they don't feel guilty about leaving food. Make sure to be the full-time grill master. And remember: Picnic before where the host has the sandwich and show up as you.

How to Reduce Your Credit-Card Debt

By Royce C. Johnson, credit-card editor • When you owe millions, you deserve an offer to settle for half. The only downside: Your credit rating is dirt.

How to Dig Up Dirt on Your Enemies

By Peter Crumley, CRM, may investigator

Check the town's clerk of the court's office for judgements, liens and lawsuits filed by or against him.

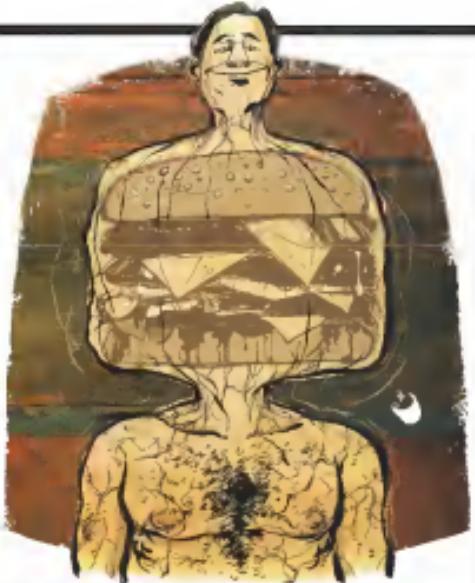
Visit the county sheriff. He'll have the most complete records, check for probable cause, assault, driving history, drug and domestic disturbance calls.

Search the local newspaper for articles.

Google this ass.

Search out for former employees, contractors, members of former organizations—clubs, church groups, gyms. Always interview folks to find out. Say you're doing a pay-employment background check.

Search this garage. It's out on the street, it's public property. It'll be removed what you can find in there.



How to Clog Your Arteries

By the time Matt starts to feel you're able to kick this butt up your bootstraps, you won't be able to get it down. Make your fat blasters.

• If the meat you're eating is very, extremely fatty, it'll go bad faster. Salt it. If you ground it like ground beef, add a little olive oil until hot but not ever searing. Double-cut. Add seasonings and lots of lightly charred about 2 minutes per side. Placeable in oven and combine cooking, about 45 minutes for men, 30 for really lean men. These burns used to be. Transfer burns to plates. Place a larger on bottom half of each, then top with a cap, warm, and a side of guacamole and sour cream. Eat two tops in price and service.



How to Shoplift

By Master P, twenty-one, who recently completed a court-mandated 12-week retail theft education course in Upstate New York. Pick up and walk out with it. Don't look over your shoulder, don't hide under your jacket. In a shopping bag, or in your pocket. Just rip off the tag and go. Don't take anything home. If you get stopped, say you were returning the item. Or smack yourself and say, "What am I doing? Sorry!" I like spending goods: footballs, basketballs, hockey sticks. I'm a dealer. They never shop in department stores. The security people don't care. They're not paying attention, and we never steal from an iron and pop store. They watch you like crazy. You're talking their rent money. They're gonna catch you. If

BACKSTAGE AT WESTMINSTER, you'll walk through rows upon rows of the biggest, standard dogs—the terriers (Tibetan, silky, Shetland, Bedlington), the sheepdogs (Border, Shetland, Old English), and some you've never heard of, like the black-and-tan coonhounds. Somewhere past the retrievers but before you get to the spaniels, you'll find Wally (below), a two-year-old Irish setter making his first Westminster appearance. In the next row, machine Sheila E. (opposite), a four-year-old basset hound who's been showing for about three years. When she's not working, Sheila likes to lounge on a lounger board in her owner's pool on Long Island. THIS PAGE: Three-button single-breasted cotton seersucker suit (\$1440) by Giant, cashmere sweater (\$295) and cotton shirt (\$295) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; silk bow tie (\$75) by Robert Talbott; suede loafers (\$295) by Michael Kors. OPPOSITE: Two-button single-breasted wool-and-flannel suit (\$995); Polo by Ralph Lauren leather wing tips (\$395) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label.

("Wally")
STYLING: JENNIFER BROWN



At the Westminster Dog Show in New York, Esquire tries out sharp suits that keep you looking well-groomed even when the heat's got you panting.

Photographs by Roxanne Lowit

Doggy Style

("Sheila E.")
STYLING: JENNIFER BROWN



BEHOLD THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED standard poodle in the United States. Maia holds the number-one ranking among standard poodles and falls in the top ten in the country for all breeds. This year at Westminster he took first of senior and first place in the non-sporting group. What may look kind of silly to the untrained eye, but judges consider pooping as much as any other criteria. With poodles, which are retriever dogs, there should be fur around the joints to keep them warm in the water and around the trunk to protect internal organs, and gravity must replace size—except for the head, which has a tested and copyrighted coil! That has less to do with regulations than with the owner's personal style. THIS PAGE: Three-button single-breasted wool three-piece suit (\$1,580) by Hilfiger-Denim; cotton shirt (\$248) by Flomio, silk tie (\$260); belt of Cashmere (Albert Dohmen, OFFWHITE). Inset top left: Two-button single-breasted silk and wool suit (\$1,995), cotton shirt (\$125), and silk tie (\$195) by Boss; Hugo Boss One-button single-breasted cotton suit (\$1,295) by Armani; cotton sweater vest (\$150). Macro by Marc Jacobs; cotton shirt (\$100) by J. Crew



("Mia")
© 2018
Hilfiger Denim
A Division of VF Corp.





THREE-YEAR-OLD MUFFIN IS A CHINSE SHAR-PEI and the last of the horse-country events to win Best in Show at a major event. A potential two-year-old for the breed, Muffin has a little squirrel-chasing habit that accidentally leads this otherwise very disciplined dog to rarely pull her owner's arm off in the back of their Clydes, Texas, home. THIS PAGE: Three-button-single-breasted wool suit (\$4,395), cotton shirt (\$295), marshmallow (\$50) by Fagiano Milano. OPPOSITE: Two-button single-breasted silk sport coat (\$2,995), silk bow tie (\$75) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, cotton seersucker trousers (\$295) by Herringbone & Moore



LANCE IS A TRUE CHAMPION, with a best of variety title (champions are divided into long-coat and smooth-coat varieties), a number-five rating, and a slew of other local victories from the stay or seventy shows he competes in each year. THIS PAGE: Double-breasted linen suit, cotton shirt, and silk tie by Gianni Fratelli; leather wing-tip spectacles (\$150) by Ralph Lauren Footwear. **OPPOSITE:** clockwise from top left: Two-button single-breasted cotton sweater; three-piece suit (\$3,300) and cotton shirt (\$200) by Hermès; silk tie (\$60) by Farnham; leather loafers (\$200) by J.M. Weston. Three-button single-breasted wool suit (\$1,295); cotton shirt (\$225), and silk tie (\$195) by Etro; wool sweater vest (\$375) by Marni Jacobs. Three-button single-breasted silk-and-linen suit (\$1950); polo by Ralph Lauren; cotton shirt (\$225) by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; leather wing-tip spectacles (\$150) by Ralph Lauren Footwear. Cotton trousers (\$199) by Gieves. Three-button single-breasted wool jacket (part of suit, \$3,700); cotton shirt (\$265); silk tie (\$45); and wool trousers by Armani.



"Magee"
© 2002



AN OLD-TIMER BY WESTMINSTER STANDARDS, six-year-old Magee took first of Open class. When a male wins the breed, an owner is wise to keep a tight rein on the herald, and vice versa. Brussels griffons were originally bred to hunt, employed by Belgian farmers to rid their barns of vermin. Magee doesn't kill too much, won't sit idly around, but loves to lay a patch of sunlight. It follows him across the living room. THIS PAGE: One-blister single-breasted cotton suit (\$495) by Perry Ellis; cotton short-sleeved shirt and tie (\$195) by Brooks Brothers; leather side carrier (\$1995) by Lanvin's London. 044-037777. Item left: Cotton shirt and silk tie by Canali; silk and leather trousers (\$795). Photo by Ralph Lauren; silk tie and paisley belt (\$1,100) and leather belt-ups (\$350) by Louis Vuitton; cashmere sweater (\$395) by Michael Kors; corset over (\$3,000) by Gucci. Three-quarter single-breasted cotton suit (\$425) by Tommy Hilfiger; cotton shirt (\$130) by Boss Hugo Boss; silk tie (\$125) by Ralph Lauren; belt (\$100) by J. M. Weston. For store information see page 147. Grooming by Luis at the Ajell Center. Casting and production by 2D Photo Production

"Lucky"
© 2002
GARRETT LEIGHT
AMERICAN OPTICAL



"Mychta"
© 2002
CHAMPION ARCHIVE
KIRKLAND, WASHINGTON

"Trina"
© 2002
KIRKLAND, WASHINGTON

"Sing a Song of Ray Romano"

(It's more of a dirge, actually)

Story by
SCOTT RAAB

Photographs by
SAM JONES

con sentimento

Sheet music for Ray Romano singing. The score consists of three staves of musical notation with lyrics underneath. The first section starts with "Ehhhhh... I'm just stu-pid.... You got enough of me...." The second section starts with "How much more can you stand? Every-where I turn a-round," with a dynamic instruction "agresto" above the staff. The third section starts with "It's me.... I hate my-self e-nough for the coun-tr-y...." The score is in common time and includes a dynamic instruction "fermato" at the end of the third section.

Ehhhhh... I'm just stu-pid.... You got enough of me....

How much more can you stand? Every-where I turn a-round,

It's me.... I hate my-self e-nough for the coun-tr-y....

fermato

OVER



T he maestros make it seem easy. It's the mojo, the chi, the flow. They don't work the job; they work wonder. They be what they do. Plumber, barber, shoedog, chef—you know a maestro when you find one. You brag him up to all your friends. He's the best. The best—trust me. He'll take care of you.

A comedy master? That's cold gold, brother. A guy who makes me laugh, I can kiss him now. I love him like sunshine and tell my friends to look for him. Everybody loves Raymond, yo—check it out.

They don't like it. Twenty million people watch the show every Monday night, millions more dig it on syndication, and I don't know any of 'em. Simplify Stew—best sitcom ever. The Simpson? Genius. Everybody Loves Raymond? Eh.

Maybe it's the Edge Factor; that thing HBO rules so well it's not TV's *Master Showmen*. Just last "Cochise?" Hell, maybe you don't like Raymond, either. Maybe you think his show, despite its Chukcheevian probing of the delicious mysteries of marriage and family, is a hit like Ben Arthur for a hipster like yourself. Maybe if you've seen any show on East Coast Italiab class made in the shade of love and honesty, it'll be the soft, gassy essence of *The Sopranos*, where the mob-sopranos Grand Guignol bushwhack us into real life, it makes *ELM* play like a novelty.

Well, you can have the depressive house with the cash-stuffed sofa bed and the emotion-seizing, weeped-up women. Me, I like Everybody. I'll take the rabbit who can't get laid, won't grow up, and doesn't want anybody and at him. I'll take the man's boy who's not real—still living in his parents' house at age twenty-one. In their basement. I'll take Ray Romano, the leading man of *oscar*, the master of *oscar*.

His show's funny but it isn't pretty, it isn't edge, but it rocks deep. The most gratifying package TV moment I've seen in years—recapitulating Jason Alexander's demand for *KFC*—comes during its episode in which Ray's wife is trying to get him to at least consider marriage counseling because she just can't seem to get his story off the sofa.

"Can't I sometimes watch TV?" Ray whines, pointing. And Ray's TV man, hovering nearby, tells his wife, "Raymond is a very hard worker and sometimes needs to relax."

"Of course," his wife says to Ray, ignoring her mother-lecture, "but why is it such a battle to get you to do anything?"

"I damn."

"That's why I want to go to counseling. I don't think it's that you're just lazy—I think there's a deeper reason behind it. If we could just figure it out, you said it could be happiness."

"You know me," Ray says. "There's not much happiness I just like to be taken care of."

"But you gotta understand, Ray, that that's not a wife—that's a mother."

"Well," quips Romano in a ten-year-old's voice, "maybe that's what I want."

Everybody stops dead right there. No big deal—a *Psych 101* insight. But who-ever-dreams-it-comes-to-himself, stuck like confesses it out loud.

The actors held the title. The studio audience laughs, but their laughter is soon buried in a long "Dooom... ." They actually sound frightened. And Raymond, agape at what

he's just heard himself sing, shouts, "Holy crap!" in a dead-on impression of his TV dad's voice.

He knows he's stuck. And you know he's stuck, too, one foot in his parents' marriage, one in his own, half boy and half man, and too half-assed to move. And it's gonna be a bummer to stuck there, but it's even more of a pain to do much about it, which never happens on *ELM*, and rarely in real life, because getting stuck right there is where we all—Homer and Marge, Ralph and Alice, me and my wife, you and yours. Every one of us.

That's why sooner or later, everybody loves Raymond—except, of course, Ray Romano. It's one thing to get the boy out of the basement, another to get the basement out of the boy

He's bigger than you think, six two and solid, slope-shouldered and long-muscled. He's wearing the blue shirt, of course, his comedy shirt, with a cowboy-chiller Cane strapped to his waist. His shiny black hair is combed back. He's got an overworn, old-country nose—hell, his whole noggin is huge, a big boy's cranium, except for the eyes. They're close-set, dark, and hooded, red after the fight from *L.A.*, away from forty-five pairs of fertilizing, asking the stand-up comic's eternal harping question: "How 'm I doin'?"

Ray's done all right. He's back home in New York City for Thanksgiving, the boy next door made good—the recipient, the only stand-up ever to win the Best Actor Emmy a trip-around, a movie-in-the-blocks per episode (plus a slice of the \$100 million syndication pie), a new ten-thousand-square-foot SoCal bungalow with a peacock green oak back, healthy children, a good marriage. The evidence is everywhere. Even the Lord loves Raymond.

Which means, so far as Ray's concerned, he's going nowhere but down. He's worried. His hands under his chin a pair of peasant women at their loom, knitting and twisting, parting and squirming, listening to and for while the rest of him shuffles in a whining motel chair upstairs or *The Late Show* host's worried about David's mood—never mind that tonight marks his sixteenth appearance on Letterman's show, that it was David himself who, back in 1995, saw in Ray the possibility of international glory which led to *Everybody Loves Raymond*, which has deserved gold upon CBS and David's production company, Worldwide Pictures. Ray's worried that it's cheap to go out there and plug the DVD release of *TV's Finest*, a simple little flick starring Ray's hunky dweeb-cute Queen of Hearts. And he's worried that a show helping his four-year-old son wife has reached its too-powerviolent-for Letterman, whose good-natured for rote legend.

But mainly, right now, Ray's worried about the *Third Guy* and wounded the *Turk Guy*'s feelings with a new hit. Ray tries it out in the dressing room on Anna, his wife, and Ray's manager, his long-time manager, and me and my tape recorder, which Ray eyes with fire.



"I don't know if that's gonna be off the record or not," he says. "Leave it on for now—because I'll do the bat, then it's obviously on the record. So we have this new house—it's big, blithely blithely—and we have a guy to take care of the pool, and a gardener, too; my wife told me the other day, we have a nappy guy."

Anna, small and perfectly coifed—they were twenty years ago at a bank in Queens where they worked as tellers—says, "We have nannies."

"Ladies do it?" Ray laughs, and then remembers my tape recorder. "I wasn't telling them," he groans.

The voice was definitely raised, I say.

"Yeah, yeah, because I had to cut her off quick, before she goes in again."

Ray, penitent, crosses from Ray's prints down to Ray's unprinted upper Ray zone.

"Full service," Ray boasts.

"We've got this finetuner," says Ray, resuming, "with white concrete pool around it that has tapers, and since a week has to be serviced. They have to do the fed, whatever, so we have a nappy guy. So I tell my wife, 'Look, do we have a house? Just don't have an affair with this guy, okay? Because I don't wanna have to tell my friends that you were with the nappy guy.'"

Ray laughs. I'm laughing. Anna's not even smiling.

"My dying it," says Ray. "Is it involving to the Turtle Guy?"

"Came on," Ray tells her, "it's as fun."

"Yeah, yeah—but can I demonstrate it for you, you know?"

"No, it's fine. What's gonna poison your heart? It's funny. I think it's great, and I'll tell you something—he'll love the bat, and he's gonna know it's bat, and he'll tell all his friends."

"Maybe I can say afterward, 'By the way, I know the guy, he's a good guy, he's a decent guy.'"

"Just listen to what you've done," Ray pleads, throwing up his hands. "Just listen to what you've done here."

Maybe Ray's worried that the Turtle Guy might take offense and quit. A Turtle Guy has to be tough to replace—how many could there be, even in L.A.? And Anna will be pleased if Ray *does* go. Or maybe Ray's a really sensitive guy himself? Or neurotic? Or all of the above?

Ray looks over at me. "I have negative grandiosity," he says.

"That's what my therapist said."

"I think it's absolutely fine," says Ray, "and it's gonna get a huge laugh."

"Bitch," Ray splinters, "but, but, but, but, but..."

"I don't think it's alienating the Turtle Guy," says Ray.

"It's fine."

"All right," says Ray. He pulls out two sheets of paper, notes what to cover out there with Dino. He looks at the corner of the room when Lernerman starts rattling about him after the monologue. "Great guy," Lernerman's saying. "What a nice guy, what a nice man, couldn't be more successful, and it's all well deserved."

Ray waves. "He doesn't mean a word of it," he says.

Out in the hall, the girls flounce walking from the dressing room of tonight's tattered gowns. Dino, too, will be trouble to Ray.

"Great. I guess get outta there—that I don't like that. I'll be more paranoid. Believe it or not, I can get more paranoid. There will become the Turtle Guy."

Ray stays alone in his room. Since his last and his almost-must-do-one working the whole while, the plays for Ray, learn over to the desk after the Turtle Guy bit to add. "By the way, he's a great guy," and tells the pokey story without ever lung-

Lernerman's lip. Afterward, back in the dressing room, a producer assures Ray that Dino seemed to be enjoying himself. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," Ray moans. "But was he forever though?"

Nebbish. Dweeb. Anna's boy. I say those things with amateur respect. With love. With awe, even, because it takes a certain greatness of soul to be a *tear drop*, to work a clean set to connect with our collective inner Wincat, the archetype of every man, addled by his woes, beaten by his wills, commanded by his addler to do jobs to help signs out. He must let their songs sing him. He must keep clean his doubts and fears. He must be fucking nuts.

Here, too, the evidence is everywhere. Just check out the most bizarre exhaust series from his desk in his office out in Burbank and you'll see a dozen or more uncracked economy-size bottles of soap filling those shelves—maneathough enough to float a yacht out of Freshwater Andy's long.

"I'm very nervous about my next hypno," he confesses. "We eat a lotta rats. We came back from lunch. I don't wanna smell like halfbat all afternoon. I got tongue scrapers in there, too. One year, I gave everybody tongue scrapers. I got Lieutenant a tongue scraper."

He's wearing the blue shirt. Not the exact same blue shirt anymore—that was in the old days, twelve years of stand-up to make the marriage and feed his first three kids, he'd go from club to club polishing his act, come home at the wee hours, and Anna would wash and dry and iron the blue shirt. Now he's got blue shirts for Lernerman, blue shirts for the stage, several stand-up gigs in Vegas, blue button-downs, blue plaid, and blue T-shirts for Everybody Loves Raymond. "That's my color," he says. "Richard Lewis has a black. And Jimmie Gash. Ray Taylor has everything else. My wife—if she had her way, she'd have me in Armani shirts. What she doesn't realize is that it has to be conducive to comedy—and that I don't wanna it to have a fancy-looking shirt. If I wore a red shirt and I had a bad line, I can eat glasses blonde the shirt, but I don't wanna that shirt, either. It's not supervision—it's just a manner of, I can't be funny in this shirt. I'll fight anyone who tries to disprove that. Like just works for me."

Down the hall from his office is the writer's room, where Ray and a chorus of wits would have sat. It's an airy room—after five or Friday evenings—not you can see their yelp a gong as they punch up and step-up episodes, twenty-four weeks per season, year after year. Well, you can't fit, not really, but you can read it on the walls, up on the big marble boards they use for inspiration—over justified with Raymonde—rows of words they have reused or misappropriated (Klausen dialogue, previous far pastiche), the classics, like *Amstron for Amstron*, are in red—red is a less crowded board, listing the difficult or obscure words (yuppie, hyppogeous) he has used or pronounced extremely sounding like them in every sentence.

"Yeah," says Ray, who flushed out of two high schools, dropped out of two colleges, punched gas until he was rebuked, twice, at gaspump, and left the tank job to deliver future by day while he learned his first as an open-mic stand-up, "these *Play League* facts like throwin' their education around."

There is a third board, a wonder board. "I have to have sex with my wife," reads one of the phrases written there. "That's the only way I can come." And, "The pitter, pitter, down Ray blues to suck even more poorly drawn pants."

"You shouldn't see that board," says Ray. "These are things



that we've been told that people find quotable. You gotta remember, you're in a writer's room. You have to encourage all these things. Nothing is sacred."

Nothing sacred, no-holds-barred, robbery's here for laughs—only—nor is the wife's, nor the widow's, and surely not the Turtle Guy's. The fair sacrament is the laugh. Ray Raymond is a sweetheart, but you don't become a comedy master with out leaving a spot of blood. Twelve years of trudging the stand-up trail takes a loss of battles than those battles with their scrawny red-fingered queenie rights, ergo bulldogs to win the Ultimate Fighting Championship. Without the laugh, you don't. You die.

"I was never good for a treasure chest," Ray says. "I just dreamt of being a stand-up comedian—that was the treasure I used to go into the city and do seven shows on a Friday night, each club would give me \$50, and I'd come home with \$350 cash in my pocket. I was done! When I used to do, and I had the money to buy the kids sneakers, I'm nostalgic for that I want that feeling again."

A stand-up writer, impervious to pain, a Star Search alum—in 1990, he lost his nose plus nosebleed Giselle Guy—he suffered on, belted his way up to the middle, or maybe snorted above. In '91, a spot on *Carrie*, then *Lena*, an HBO special, and, yeah, he was a name, a local name, but then he stacks at where when every stand-up with a pulse had a TV pilot, Raymond was still juggling weekends in Atlantic City.

"This guy was giving a development deal, but you've got to give a development deal"—even now, he can't smooth the phrase without smirking. "Success would have us at the Montreal festival and sign 'em. There's a hundred thousand—or you're gonna come up with sumthin'." Left and right, comes that

childlike!—this ribambel, too, is part of Raymond's song—"I've been around twelve years, and these names that I've heard around three, four, five—all right, so what? They're entitled to get what they can get. But I had three off; you could do—all the things you do to person. Nobody was knocking on my door."

He had a wife and three kids and a small house in Queens. He was making, in a good year, \$50K. Great shop. But when the shows came would hit the clubs to mount stand-ups for the next casting call—because we have, him, and him—Raymond would blow the audience.

"We would go in and read, and I would be horrible, and that would be the end of it. The auditioning thing—it was really bad at it. I would not really go in my bedroom, and then I would clean up with five people come on a couch."

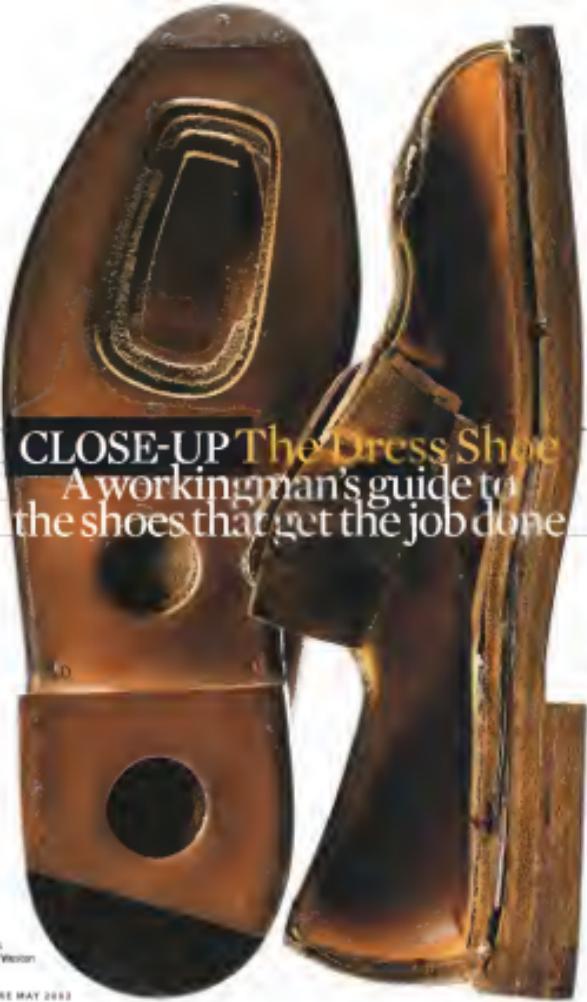
His big break appeared to come in 1994, when he was cast for *New Jack City*. Eight thousand dollars an episode, unscripted, cocaine every week.

"I couldn't believe it," he says. "I was gonna be on a TV show, and I knew the show was gonna make it, knew it was gonna get picked up."

The show made it. Raymond got the old house—he before the pilot was shot.

"It's gonna sound like bullshit, but I was a little relieved when I got fired—because I knew I wasn't cuttin' it. It's like if you were played out, you'd be on the PGA tournament, and you know, 'The pants are too pressed out, it won't be long till I'm outta here.' I felt it during the rehearsals. It wasn't as devastating as it sounds. I liked that job and the hell don't what I have to do and make a living."

"Plus, follow—it's not like me—two-mach success, has no meaning. All right, what's goin' on? The only (continued on page 147)



CLOSE-UP The Dress Shoe

A workingman's guide to the shoes that get the job done

Leather dress
\$375 by J.M. Weston

SHOES ARE PERTHAPS the most important part of any outfit. But the right ones can make or break a look. Here's a guide to the basics.

CONSIDERATION:

1. THE PLAIN TOE: A simple and timeless choice for a traditional look—polished or worn, leather or suede, lace-up or monk-strap. (Loring, \$125; J.M. Weston, \$375; Cole Haan, \$125)

2. THE CAP TOE: The most popular dress shoe, it's a more formal choice than the plain toe, and it's more durable. (Loring, \$125; Cole Haan, \$125; J.M. Weston, \$375; Stacy Adams, \$125)

3. THE SPLIT TOE: Popular among men, it's a bit more casual than the plain toe, and it's a good choice for a more active lifestyle. (Loring, \$125; Cole Haan, \$125; Stacy Adams, \$125; J.M. Weston, \$375)

4. THE LOAFER: A casual alternative to dress shoes, it's a good choice for a more casual lifestyle. (Loring, \$125; Cole Haan, \$125; Stacy Adams, \$125; J.M. Weston, \$375)

5. THE WING-TIP: A classic choice, it's a more formal choice than the plain toe. (Loring, \$125; Cole Haan, \$125; Stacy Adams, \$125; J.M. Weston, \$375)

6. THE MONK STRAP: The look is more formal than the plain toe, but the practicalities of it are more similar. (Loring, \$125; Cole Haan, \$125; Stacy Adams, \$125; J.M. Weston, \$375)

The Basics





-The Optionals -

EXOTICS wild skins are difficult to manage without coming off a tacky. But worn correctly—with a grain that's equally well-made—they deliver the natural elegance of the true animal. Clockwise from top: Crocodile moccasin, \$1,150 by Gucci; belt, lower left, \$145 by Paco Rabanne; watch, lower right, \$2,200 by Salvatore Ferragamo.



A **WEDDING** unless you're having tuxes in snow that a measured is fancier than ushers. the only ones you should wear with a suit is every plain line. From top: Leather Chelsea boots (\$430) by Alexander McQueen; leather lace-up super boots (\$135) by A. Testoni; another jacket and pants (\$100 each) by A. Testoni.



✓ **SOOTERS**—As a rule, these leaves are best matched with a more casual suit like denim, corduroy or summer cotton. You're going to polar it. Make sure they fit well when and like they coordinate with your shirt hemline, sweater or jacket. Leather patch pocket styled by [Jefferson & Murphy](#), sweater [Loose Knit](#) by [J. W. Anderson](#), leather jacket [HUGO BOSS](#) by [Calvin Klein](#).



A FEW PIPS if you haven't been playing extension, here's some news: Tops are running again. Dealer shifts have pushed the top limit to 15 pips per year, except out of the station. This doesn't mean you're going to acquire your extension points. The top themselves, while increasing, aren't increasing as much as last year. The point is the money immediately cashed out, as any fan would tell you. **Loterie lock-up** (10 pips) or **Chase 99** (10 pips) may down the **lotterie** with the **lock-up**, but your best bet for long-term investment. **Loterie** (10 pips) by A. Tishon (311) The new square was overlocked during the last tele-video, but it's still especially elegant, especially when you're playing with a partner. **Loterie** (10 pips) by A. Tishon (311)



What Does \$750 an Hour Get You?

SIX YEARS AGO, DAVID BOWIE SABTUFLY QUIT HIS JOB AT THE LAW FIRM WHERE HE'D WORKED FOR thirty years and set out to start his own practice. Since then, he has taken on Microsoft for the antitrust division of the Justice Department, brokered the art auction-house deal of Sotheby's and Christie's, fought Napster's epic battle against the major record companies, and led the constitutional fight over the presidential veto power in Florida for Al Gore. And before all that, while a partner at Cravath, Swaine & Moore, he was the guy who forced Michael Milken to pay an unprecedented fine of \$1.3 billion for insider trading. He defeated Mike Wallace and CBS against General William Westmoreland's \$10 million libel suit, and, long before the Microsoft case, he defeated IBM in its prolonged fight against the government. And those cases are just the beginning. In other words, what crosses David Bowie's desk will likely affect the week you do it.
www.ew.com/eweb/2001/02/01/01020101.htm

At age thirty-two, Bowen's first book is often not just a single verdict; it is to name the law itself. "We might not be doing routine litigation," he tells his colleagues at Boies, Schiller & Flexner. "There are firms that are a lot less expensive than we are." Currently he has several tasks underway for Dyk, Philadelphia, and Quebec—all under SEC investigation, entwined in the accounting scandals of a post-Barro World. He also represents the New York Yankees, handling their arbitration suit against Cal Ripken last year. And he's behalf of Gruner + Jahr, he's going after *Rolling Stone* for pulling away from the 1998 reversion with the publisher, Raabe magazine.

How does he manage it all? His critics say he can't. We didn't know, so we asked him to open up his appointment book and show us. Here in detail is a week, from late last year, in the diarybook of the most influential literary man in America.

Fig. 30.—Type hystrichoidal
Tyrrell, New York, 1888.

Philip Morris Philip Morris' N.Y. offices re: Settlement
as of 3/ Philip Morris 4-4-5

Type I internal: Type
efflux, starting with Type
based at discoloration
in presence of internal
metabolites.

Young awards received
Rosa, Scholastic Achievement
York, office manager
certified as National
Academy of Television Arts
and Sciences' Academy of
Television Arts & Sciences

1 PM - Lunch at restaurant,
116 Kubits, New York, Street
with daughter Heng, wife
from village for the wedding

There was in the final analysis of comprising this highly anticipated report on Tyco interests in the U.S. and abroad, a sense that the company's management would have to do more to explain its actions. Tyco executives, including former CEO Eddie Lampert, have argued that the company's "ethics" were not at issue. "After 15 years out of Armonk, New York," Lampert said, "but for the international tax deduction several days is irrelevant to Tyco. This was a massive underhanded thing—\$150 million [in tax savings]."

Mr. Lamont, in his accounting hours, for an investigation in fifteen states and twelve foreign countries, said a big, new-type of the three was trying to do is to demonstrate that the system wasn't fair. If you look at what happened to Tyco or to us down the line, the market as last confidence in the company when it faced a liquidity crisis and had to go into bankruptcy, shareholders had been harmed, losses

*This was a \$55 billion enterprise-value company with solid earnings and operating divisions, and it could have fit in uneventfully if confidence had not been restored. During the meeting, we raised two specific issues concerning the company's annual report for 2002:

A multimillion-dollar antitrust suit had been filed by tobacco growers in seven states against the four major tobacco companies—including Philip Morris and R.J. Reilly. The growers contend that the cigarette companies engaged in a long-standing conspiracy to fix the price at which they bought tobacco. "The pivotal case is still in discovery. We had over a lot of potential expert witnesses."

"I worked through lunch. I miss a lot of lunches. I'll just usually go home, change, go directly to work."

These organizations jointly issued the Emmy® Beefs, representing the National Academy, was preparing an arbitration complaint later that week against the Hollywood-based Academy of Television Arts & Sciences for refusing licensees access to the National Academy's annual Latin Emmy®. "If you talk to Hispanic groups you'll find they feel they're underrepresented in pay-TV broadcast and cable, as well as in sports in many other areas. For six months, the National Academy has been trying to reach an agreement with the Academy in Hollywood."

"The two organisations entered a settlement agreement in 1977, and I wanted to take another look at the exact language of a particular passage."



Not everyone was sexually abused by a teacher in ninth grade and harassed by him until graduation.

But I was.

By Tom Chiarella

My Ed-Ucation



THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL was totally foreign to me—totally Catholic. It was run by priests. I liked it for only a week; it was education torture. The new priests were more or less like the old, but better, and some times, genuinely pleasant people.

from one block to the next down driveways. I skinned cars in the snow. I avoided the black kids who liked to make things miserable for generally soft white kids like me. I stole pounds and pounds of snack cakes and Tahitian Treats from the Red & White grocery. I was fourteen years old. I was in eighth grade. I liked to drink beer. I favored quart bottles, which were easier to steal, and drank them on the roof of my neighbor's garage. I once leaned back and fell from the roof smack onto the hood of a Fiat. I didn't even drop my beer.

Serious about nothing—over school, not a job—I wished only to keep the life I led secret from the people—my parents, my teachers, my brothers, my friends—whomsoever we are or something like entire.

Before ninth grade, some of my friends started gravitating on an all-day Jesuit school in the suburbs, and, though it took me a while, I followed suit. I was not raised Catholic and had never even attended Mass. I was off limits what it meant to be Catholic or where Jesuit was. I had a desire that I might play football, since we played football all the time in my neighborhood. My parents were impressed that I was willing to get serious, but in truth I was just running around skinned of the black kids who had made my life miserable in seventh and eighth grade. I wanted out of the city and applied for admission to Mount St. Ursula because some of my friends had done it. I flushed the reference forms twenty minutes early, then gave the answers to the lid next to me, who was crying by the time I finished. He never thanked me. I don't believe he got in.

But I did. So my parents bought me a blazer and three ties and a little belt buckle. I went off grand myself up for class that were harder and more unfamiliar than I had expected, tried to find friends among the smooth and snooty kids from suburbs

I grew up in a rainy city. There were jokes on the radio about it. The newspapers counted the days of sunshine. This was before Seattle, when lots of rain meant you were unlucky, pale, second-rate. This was more than twenty-five years ago, in Rochester, New York. The word of the day was "misery index." Why we concentrated on that I'll never know. If I lived a city life—riding the bus, even for a block or two, cutting between garages, across gardens, I rang doorbells and ran. I skinned cars in the snow. I avoided the black kids who liked to make things miserable for generally soft white kids like me. I stole pounds and pounds of snack cakes and Tahitian Treats from the Red & White grocery. I was fourteen years old. I was in eighth grade. I liked to drink beer. I favored quart bottles, which were easier to steal, and drank them on the roof of my neighbor's garage. I once leaned back and fell from the roof smack onto the hood of a Fiat. I didn't even drop my beer.

that have the names of parks and ghosts—Pittsford, Mendon, Honors Hill. I even played football. For two more weeks, it seemed like everything was going to work out. Then, twelve days into my freshman year, a French teacher raped me. Three days later he did it again. After that, it started raining.

In 1973, MCGUARD-JEQUIT HIGH SCHOOL was a nondescript structure, long and low, situated on a desolate ground at the intersection of two straight suburban roads in the middle of nowhere. I've been back since—other, I have to say—times, and it seems to me that they have added many things to the structure of the building: administrators, a new track, a refurbished wing or two. The grounds are enclosed by chain-link fence, manicured and trim walls press close against the skin of the school, which had once seemed to me to resemble that skin, appearing to be aging in a visit to the sea. But this is how it goes in a private school. These places, worlds come to the lucky and the strong; gifts are given. Twelve years ago I wrote my name and only got to the school after a late afternoon phone call from a fellow skin, a guy who now runs his own natural-supply company. Thirty-five blocks

I consider it a moment of weakness now, the kind they used to warn the Catholic kids about. It went my entire body.

I soon learned about the Jesuits. They ran a serious place. They saw the school as part of a tradition; they had one. There was to stay "loyal teachers" and a number of priests who, I assure, were disappointed to be stuck at Hudson, New York, but more likely they wouldn't have been significantly happier anywhere else. Who knew where they came from? Not me, certainly. Some of them came and went in a year. Grim and chunky men, they rarely spoke about their past, in childhood were a distraction for them, something to keep them from thinking and drinking. Actually smiling and drinking were the very same things they never gave up. In one stretch of classes, I had four priests who started at approximately and without apology. This, I watched them drink at pool parties, in the backlots of cars, in bars before hockey games. I realized it was their health in much need. They guys I later learned were at the same time "lads with us," the Taken said. "We ring kids here to sit together."

They made rules for us, and Mr. Tolka turned the car over from the city and began to navigate a route that wound through dark suburbs as he dropped their bags at their houses. Each one thanked him personally when he got one or two said it was nice to meet me and that they hoped I would swim the year. None of the lads much said hi. Tolka. I remember thinking they weren't very polite and that the ship was stuck out there in the suburbs. After the last bus had closed his screen door and disappeared into his living room, Mr. Tolka said, "Set? They all want you to belong." I had no idea what he meant. I can't say I wasn't anxious about "belonging," but I had never given voice to that worry, because they had hardly spoken to me.

Mr. Tolka never once asked me where I lived. He simply drove straight to his house. During the drive, when I discussed on me that he wasn't taking me toward my house, I thought he was a little strange, sort of angry and self-obsessed, that maybe I was going to have to come into him when I had. I remember thinking that I wanted to go home to watch television. I remember thinking that I was sick of driving around. I remember thinking that I would never have my own car. I wasn't scared. The truth is, I didn't have a clue.

So when we ended up on his house, with him promising me he was only going to put something on, that we'd be there for a few minutes before I sat a bowl of cereal and a glass of milk-looking vegetable, manifested. I think it was green, and said he had a phone call to make. He walked through the kitchen or his workshop. When he emerged from some back room, he was dressed. He asked me if I was sure from Tolka. "He's a wrote a check to the electric company. It was like that. The past purposeful and slow—obvious, that's how most his patients really describe it at some point in their lives today. I'd eat food quickly with what I just described. The elements of this world. My world, world seemed very disconnected to me. One day would be funding part of the world I'd already leave—magnum on the refrigerator or a glass of grape—while the next would be odd, as element of destruction—a back rub, another food. I was patient and, fondly, interested, since I learned from the moment I'd first known that Mr. Tolka treated us somehow, felt that I was special, that I deserved to be shown these new things, to be treated like an adult. I knew that I was supposed to feel lucky.

Ask yourself why you're reading this. Are you trying to find out who did it to me? Is that all? There wasn't that much to it. In some ways, what he did really isn't the story. It's reading that hurt me. I won't say it. It felt good, including,澎湃, 激情, off-the-charts. The mechanics of it were like that. At one point I sat down, put his hand under my thigh, and squeezed. I'd told him in the car that he had pulled a hamstring, thought I don't think I knew what a hamstring was. I just knew about it during football games on television. He rubbed



Mr. TOLIS COACHES the 1968 team. From left: Mr. Tolis in the foreground; a former senior; a boy; Mr. Tolis in his locker; one day was a mystery letter. He also coaches for fun, though he's never been paid, and put his out-of-pocket expenses along with each "tissue" came the request: "Please."

me there, and the rule said, "There's something I want to do for you." I responded, and did, using inverted back-to-best I could, but I never ran, or knocked him in the back of the head. I didn't do much more than tell him to stay in the dark outside now, and it seemed hopeless, and I figured no one would know, and I'd certainly never tell anyone.

It blew me, and then he drove me home and I went to my anatomy room and there, all over the closet I was vacuuming, I ate dinner with my family. I did my homework. You know how it is. Rape. Sex. Orgasm. After that, everything is really loud and out of scale. I managed. The next day I quit playing football.

STILL, AT FIRST, it was impossible to be afraid of Mr. Tolis. He was not as afraid. He checked more of the time tracked. He recorded things over with the football coach. He suggested that I tell people my father made me get a job and quit football. He something out of the Depression. I did that. It was a lie that held for about a month. He urged me to join the swim team and promised me a winter letter if I seemed to care. He was a jumpy kid, the local who could usually change his appearance from day-to-day—an expensive tie one day, socks the next, shaving this, not shaving—every morning would now be dealt with. He was pale and very thin. He seemed the sort of not giving a damn better than anyone I have ever met. I admired him for it.

So I can't say I was afraid, but I avoided him. I begged him after school. I ducked away whenever I saw his car on the street. I became afraid of the schoolyard, of the build-

ings itself. The only time I ever felt like crying during this whole event was when I pulled up to the school each morning in whatever bus or car I was riding. It was deep panic, not the I never managed, nor with drugs or booze, nor for all the while that I was there. In some measure, I felt that grip of panic at the start of every day for four years. Somehow I always made myself put my head on the bus as we drove, pull the handle, stop at the courteous, drab.

I put on my coat as best I could in December of that first year, which is to say I avoided Mr. Tolis. I did not. I refused. I ran. I did those things better and faster than I had before. Sometimes he would try to scare me. He once had a print, a Little Brother who hung out with him as weekends, approach me and ask me about my troubles with my father. This man had never spoken to me in my life. He was a gruff old guy who knew my name without introduction. I didn't know what he was talking about; I had no troubles with my dad, except that he worked all the time. He asked if I wanted him to call my dad in for a conference. He said Mr. Tolis would be happy to see an. I wouldn't imagine the agenda for such a meeting. More seriously wise I imagined—the meek might gleam, the concerned looks, the subtle snarls—made me feel bated alive. I begged off.

How much do you want me to do it? You? How much do you need to know? The facts, the numbers, the frequency—the math of it all is still available to me, though I rarely figure it anymore. But then though that's how I spent most of my time—measuring distance, counting days, calculating probabilities. I was a whiz.

I still know the number. I'll get to that. He said after what would turn out to be the last event that he wanted to introduce

me to people but he was "afraid to show." We were at the airport, parked at the end of a runway. He had given me a key bottle of tequila. Plans descended without warning and landed just beyond us with a thump. Mr. Tolis had some theory about more real persons and lots of places about evening and going. I was suddenly afraid of every aspect of his proposition, of the "people" he spoke about and the prospect that what he planned to share was our secret, or worse, me. He would usher men to join us, and I refused. It was just him, just this, the tiniest. I had it under my control. I wanted no one else to know. Just my parents. Not the police. Especially not anyone at that school.

At the end of first year, I decided friends with a piano, to whom I related that Mr. Tolis made me "inconceivable." I remember that his answer made me stand, that it forced me to stop everything. "That," he said, "people are all different. His manner how strange or lonely. Even the behavior is. You have to make room for them." Mr. Tolis does a lot of volunteer work for this school and for God. I assumed this something God would say.

Mr. Tolis understood my fear, and he never let up on it. Never. Not for years. Instead of letting it all drift away, letting me forget what had happened, he drew himself closer. At the end of my first semester, he wrote me a card and enclosed a vanity letter or something, even though the season was midway from being over even though I never, ever, won a strike. Then he changed names. My French teacher's grade book for me. When I could do the year having filed my final math exam, he went to the office and took me off the list for summer school. That summer I went to camp four hours north of Tuxedo. Mr. Tolis showed up and called the camp from town, and I spoke to him from the director's office, the phone like a dead animal in the hand. The camp was on an island. I knew that I couldn't be any safer than that. So I waited him out. That's how it went again and again. We'd speak and not talking.

He always let me leave his office, always suggested that I avoid him, always claimed that he had a good heart, always aped for me, if only I could get over, well, myself. He reassured me that I wasn't gay. I also assumed that he wasn't, either. I once told him he was deluded. It was the first time I ever used the word. Mr. Tolis said me I had assumed it.

Long after he stopped teaching me, he played games. He liked to pull up next to me on busy streets, promptly honking his horn and honking his horn while I was in midconversation. He often observed up commented at my house in the afternoon claiming he wanted to watch television and my name got him. He stopped any mention of my father from the newspaper and stopped in to my locker. Once he followed my class around for a day, then reported to me the places he went—squash games, doctors' offices—and the car he rode in. "Why does your dad laugh?" he once asked me as a boy he left in my locker.

One July, deep in the longest days of the summer before my junior year, the time when I usually took my vacation, I McQuaid, I was at work, having out a thirty-yard distance, sloshing around in the streets in high boots, spraying a stream of water into a pile of broken fluorescent bulbs. I remember thinking, "This is a sound and well I will never be able to forget. Looking up from inside the Dumpster, I had the sense that I could never have been alone. Yet at that moment, Mr. Tolis popped his head over the top of the Dumpster. His hands splashed like a clown's. "What's your favorite color?" he said, his voice echoing above the mask. Startled, I jumped.

He generally had an envelope. Students, swimmers, off-duty priests. I never knew where he was with him, but it always seemed there was a crowd, that I was surrounded by others, and the suddenly those went, and we were alone and he was dating, or taking me somewhere, somehow keeping me with him, pressing me to relax. Once he showed up at a house where I was helping with an older lad whom I knew only because he was a student government. They sat on the porch and smoked dope. At Mr. Tolis's smile mouthed from the collection that laid the wall, the lad sat upstairs to take a piss. Months later Mr. Tolis told me the lad had stolen money from a person I had up there. "You have to take responsibility for that," he said, but what I thought, he changed that to "We do." Mr. Tolis suggested that he would split it with me, that we could put it back together. I never knew who was in Mr. Tolis's circle. I never knew who knew about him. About me. The more I assumed, the more I was the ones he liked best. It was hard for me to say who was involved in what. As a junior, at my Tolis problems were rising, I decided that I wanted to the champion for the basketball games, and I had to go to one of these guys to work. It was one of these days where I had to show up at meetings, stand in front of his desk, and ask for the job. It felt like an ergonomics going to the toilet at the bus stop. "Of course you can," the piano and, obviously pleased that I was there, pleased that I was asking, that I was to stand. "You even highly recommended. People speak highly of you."

I couldn't imagine that was true. I was so underappreciated a student at my school. I loved to be invisible. I was only asking for the job so I had an activity to list on my college applications. I shrugged. I figured Mr. Tolis had covered for me not again.

"Of course," he said, "there is a tradition." I laughed. This was how it went. There was always a tradition, a rule. I wasn't surprised when he rolled his chair and exposed his crazily calculated cock, which looked for all the world like the hulk of a toaster. I recall that I blushed very hard, so hard that I thought I might not be able to open my eyes again. I knew what was happening. I knew where I was supposed to go. But he could see me blushing, and maybe some look of pain crossed my face. "That's right," he said, pulling himself up toward the desk. And I knew, and I knew, and I knew a little, and I blushed out of his office. Nothing was ever said. I knew what I seen. I knew what it meant. I knew that it had come from Mr. Tolis, like a message on a flagstone. I always have Mr. Tolis himself if I needed the microphone. I was clearing out my locker for the day. There was a lesson. I'm sure—discretion this, confidence this—but I hardly listened. That's what it's been.

In some ways, starting at a point's rock turns out to be a kind of supremely American move. To be moved, it doesn't sound like the stuff of lawsuits and therapy groups. I speak about it here not because I used to be liberal. Or empowered. Or strengthened in any way. Not speaking about it made me strong for twenty five years. It just sounds like such cheap currency, even and their own, you're kidding myself. It's a sure to be much of a secret off all.

One spring, while my family and I were vacationing in Florida, I looked up and saw Mr. Tolis through the window of an ice-cream shop in Melbourne Beach. I recall thinking that I must have been hallucinating, that the sun was out and a big light in front of me, digging at what seemed are most. But there were still

(This Way Out) Other Endangered Species

by brian frazer Illustrations by drew friedman



Unhandled infant boys



Bee Gees



Who's babies named G.L.



People with too
much time on their
hands or reading TV
shows



People who take the last
bite of Mine-Be-Gone



People who eat
in the Drive-Through



Kids born without the aid
of fertility drugs or cloning



Robert Downey Jr.
interventionists



People who do more than enough
of an itch while pretending not to live
as they're skin-deep
because they know you failed to get through



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